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THE TIMES

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

OCTOBER 19th.

Anniversary of the Surrender of Cornwallis.

BY CHAS. E. W. DOBBS.

Freedom's struggling host had bled—
Patriots' blood been freely shed—
Amid the conflict fierce and dread
And battle fray;
Anon the Star of Hope shone bright,
And shed around its cheering light,
But soon to sink in dreary night
And fade away!

Brave hearts that knew no other name
Than Liberty's enkindling flame—
True and good souls now known to fame
And History's page,—
In awe-struck silence gazed around,
But scarcely could a ray be found
To cheer their way—but fierce the sound
Of battle's rage.

But Freedom's cause was not to die—
It would not do to droop and sigh,
But shout anew the battle cry:—
"*Don't tread on me!*"
A light broke through the gathering gloom,
And caused again sweet Hope to bloom,
And nerved each arm to strike for Home
And Liberty!

The joy was this—Cornwallis' host—
Of Tyranny the pride and boast—
Trembling in its might, *was lost*,
And victory
Had graced our eagle banner pure,
That Yorktown's heights now floated o'er,
To fall in defeat nevermore—
And we were free!

Portsmouth, Va.

A Romance of the Alleghanies.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

ETHALANDA;

OR, THE

Pride of the Mountains.

BY H. A. DWIGHT.

CHAPTER V.

"Mr. Linwood," she continued, "was a gentleman of large property having a place of extensive domain. My husband and he had been raised together; and had, after mature years, lived more or less in each others acquaintance and were fast friends. Mr. Linwood had a son of the same age as that of our Ethalanda. These two children were both his favorites.

He, therefore, felt disposed from their early childhood to unite their destinies and fortunes, and this idea he cherished for many years; never at any time being willing to abandon it. Captain Harwood felt willing, that this alliance in contemplation should, if in after life no material objection transpired, take place. We spent the summer with Mr. Linwood and in the fall returned home. The succeeding spring he paid us a visit—at which time, he repeated his wishes in regard to the contemplated marriage. Soon after this period, he left the country expecting to be absent several years. In a few months he wrote from France saying that he had arrived there, without much of incident to communicate. From that time we heard of him no more. My husband soon after these occurrences, died leaving me to train this daughter of mine, as fortune might permit. Eighteen months ago a young man of some reputation for property under the name of *Linwood*, came into our neighborhood and informed us of the death of his father; and in connection with it he related many of the events of his life and of his testamentary wishes. He brought these papers along with him—as he represented—and as may have been true—but so much altered was he from his former self as a Linwood—that we felt inclined to doubt his identity. On the exhibition, however, of indubitable testemony we could no longer doubt his word—and the result as we thought showed that he was the person, whom he stated himself to be. He likewise, exhibited in confirmation of his assertions, a fac simile portrait of Mr. Linwood. As you may suppose, therefore, under all the circumstances—the former intimacy of the family—the wishes of Ferdinand's farther—the consent of my own husband and other considerations of minor note, I felt inclined to desire that the alliance proposed so many years before should be consummated."

Having heard this recital, and thus having discovered the reason of Ethalanda's agitation at the time of the intrusion of the stranger, Ferdinand returned to the inn; at which place he found a letter from abroad. This letter imported, that he must leave Eldervale, and attend to some matters of importance—affecting alike his fame and his fortune. This intelligence just at this time was peculiarly ungrateful to him, important as it was in its character, for now his mind and his prospects so far, as related to Ethalanda, were thrown into the shade. Never before had he seen any individual, in whom his whole soul was engrossed, and upon whom seemed to depend all his happiness. Never had one, like Ethalanda, so captivated him. And as he had been the means, of saving her life, when exposed to indubitable peril, so he had fixed upon his destiny with hers as the formal source of his future enjoyment. Nor had he at any time received the first intimation from Ethalanda, that she was in any sense betrothed to *another*. Now, therefore, when he had conceived every thing to favor his prospective felicity, suddenly a rival appeared to his view! one too who it seemed had a prior claim!

How then could he now go away? How leave Eldervale in all this state of dubitation? And yet should he see her before his departure, she might only confirm his worst fears, and ratify the intended alliance!

Ferdinand was thus very unhappy and at a loss how to act, feeling for the first time in his life much perplexed because he had no friend with whom to advise. He resolved, however, at length to pay a visit to Ethalanda before he left the village, and abide his fate! Her decision, he presumed, would be final, and uninfluenced, possibly, by any other considerations than those of a *personal* character. Certainly, she could feel under no obligation to conform to the wishes of a father, now in his grave, as to the intended alliance, of which she at the time of its maturing, had no knowledge; and in which of course, she could have had no agency. And this he could represent to the true state of things, and thus persuade her to favor his suit. And what, indeed, if she did acknowledge some prior obligations? If she now felt that he himself was the person marked out in her destiny surely this consideration should overpower all others, especially as her happiness—and not his merely, depended on the choice which she should make, and not on the preconcerted plans of others." Agitating these things in his mind Ferdinand called to see Ethalanda.

What transpired at this interview, we must reserve for a future chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

THE next morning Ferdinand rose early—and set off in the direction of New York; anticipating the possible necessity of his making a tour to Europe. Whether the more contented in his mind or the less on account of his apparent relations with Ethalanda seemed to be a secret in his own breast. He left Eldervale with no developments, indicative of any of his future intentions. Not even Ethalanda seemed at all affected by his departure; nor did she make known to any one, not even to her mother, what were her last words with Ferdinand. The latter reached New York in a day or two, after his departure from Eldervale; and began to think not so much of past occurrences as of his call to Europe. A voyage of some thirty days conducted him safely to Paris, where he met with his foster mother. The mansion in which she lived, was one very costly and imposing in its construction—and indicative of immense wealth—this lady was now extreemly ill; and anxious only to see Ferdinand before her dying hour.

Ferdinand was announced, and introduced into her apartment. Sad indeed did he feel at seeing the one, who had been more to him than a mother, so extremely low and so much changed by disease. As he approached nearer and saw the hand of death apparently upon her he could scarcely suppress his grief. She now taking him by the hand said,

"Ferdinand I wished to say to you before I died, that I leave to you all my property. As you use it, so may you be rewarded."

Ferdinand not viewing the case of his sick mother as absolutely hopeless directed, that the physician should be sent for immediately; and extra means to be brought into requisition for her recovery. The Physician soon arrived—and prescribed as the case required.

In a few days, the lady began to improve and as there seemed to be no farther necessity for Ferdinand's remaining with her, he set off from the continent to return in a few weeks. Having visited London, and some parts of Scotland he returned to Paris, where he arrived in a short time. He now proposed to his mother to go to Italy in his company. To this proposal she consented very cheerfully as she thought it would contribute alike to her health and enjoyment, to travel with her son.

One evening as they delayed a little time on their journey; and as the time seemed to be appropriate for the purpose, Ferdinand proposed to his mother a narrative of his past life in America and an account of some of his adventures there.

In the Course of this relation of his history he uttered the name of Linwood, at the sound of which his mother seemed struck with surprise.

"Why do you thus startle, mother?" said Ferdinand—"And why are you thus surprised?"

"That name, Ferdinand, was the same as that of my dear brother, who once lived in America."

"Ah!" said he "and how did this happen?"

"Why he left America years since to return to Paris and was lost at sea. And it was your resemblance to my brother that induced me to adopt you?"

"It is strange," said Ferdinand "that you and myself should have been affected in the same manner by hearing the name of Linwood. There is something mysterious to my mind, that we should thus sympathise with each other at a similar sound."

Ferdinand now began to reflect on the robbery that had occurred in Pennsylvania on that dreadful night when Mr. Harwood was travelling to make a visit to Mr. Linwood, of which he had often heard an account and wondered if it were possible that his mother's brother was related to the one in America whose name he had there heard. And he began to fancy too that there might be a similarity between Mr. Linwood's being lost at sea and his father's fate! "And were it not" said he "even possible that he was the son of that Mr. Linwood?" for he had already traced back the course of things and found that the dates of the circumstances in question corresponded.

He now enquired of his mother the name of the vessel in which her brother had sailed.

She replied "The Eliza of Boston." He said no more; He well remembered that it was a ship of the same name in which his father had sailed. The coincidence was startling, but he would wait for farther development.

Continuing their journey in a more sombre mood, as they reflected on these peculiar developments, they arrived at the end of their day's travel; and thus for the present closed the investigation of each other's histories. Still they did not retire to rest, without concluding that there was still something mysterious, in the circumstances connected with their past lives;—nor without hoping, that the veil, which enveloped those circumstances would at length, be removed, and that every thing now strange would be brought to a satisfactory explication.

CHAPTER VII.

THE beautiful city of Dresden presented itself to view in all its varied enchantments. The moon shone in its fulness, giving to the various deficiencies a lovely appearance, and to the world around a sombre hue. As Ferdinand was walking through some of the prominent streets, admiring the stateliness of the buildings, and their antiquity, he met a stranger on the Elbe, who thus addressed him. "You seem to be a stranger here like myself, and like me, too, to be taking a moonlight view of the city.

"Yes, Sir," replied Ferdinand, "I am a stranger here. And moreso probably than yourself; for my home is over the broad Ocean, whilst you, I presume, are only from England."

"At present," he replied, "I am considered as a citizen of England, for there I have spent the few past years of my life."

The interview between Ferdinand and the stranger, now closed, neither expecting to meet each other again. But the next day they met at a Picture Gallery. And entering into conversation with each other, as they did the day before, they soon became more intimately acquainted; and at the request of the old gentleman, they engaged to meet again. Accordingly they met the next day, for the third time; and soon communicated to each other their prior histories.

The old gentleman stated, that several years ago he had left America, and had set sail for France to see a sister there; that when the vessel had arrived off the Coast of France, a severe storm overtook them, and drove them Southward; and thence on the shores of Africa; that there the vessel was wrecked and fell into the hands of pirates;—who made all hands aboard prisoners, both passengers and crew. That there his infant son was separated from him, and that the last he knew of him was, that he was in the hands of an "old tar"—anxious, apparently to preserve his life, and to take proper care of him; that after this, he and his comrades were taken to the slave mart of the pirates, and sold as bondmen for a term of years. That after sometime had elapsed, he and his friends made their escape by some artifices, to which they had recourse for the purpose, and that discovering a vessel bound for the Continent, they hailed her and were timely taken aboard, and thence soon after conveyed to France; that reaching Paris, and having made due enquiry for his sister, he heard that she had gone to Italy. That then he left Paris for Italy, and sought for his sister there—and that his search here, too, was as in France entirely in vain.

The old gentleman then added,—"Having now an agency offered me of some value, I came to this city, where I expect to be detained a few days more. Then my intention is to return to Paris." "Thus," said he "you have some account of my wanderings."

Ferdinand was so much pleased with the stranger, who had thus frankly related to him his peregrinations, that on going to the hotel where his mother was staying, he repeated the account which the old gentleman had given him; and proposed to her, to conduct him, to the hotel, that she, too, might have the pleasure of seeing a gentleman in whom for some reason, he had taken so much interest.

The next day, his mother consenting, he took the stranger around to see her. As Ferdinand had not yet learned his name, on requesting it that he might introduce him to his mother, the gentleman said,—

"My name is 'Linwood!'"

"Mr. Linwood!" said she,—"Why, sir, you are my brother!" for in an instant she recognized him, though he did not, at first, her.

Indeed he was so surpassed at the announcement, that he could hardly realize that Mrs. Deloraine, Ferdinand's foster mother, was in fact his sister, the very person, in pursuit of whom he had vainly travelled for many months.

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. LINWOOD having thus found his sister, the only relative to his knowledge in the world, now determined to return to Paris, as she also had desired to go thither too. After going thither, he intended, as soon as possible, to go to America. Making the necessary arrangements for their departure, they were in a few days on their way to the Capital of France. Mr. Linwood had now a good opportunity to become more intimately acquainted with Ferdinand, and to see him in his true character. Constantly his eye rested upon him; and he could not account for his accumulating interest in him. He felt his heart drawn towards him as to one of his own kindred.

Yet he communicated none of his feelings to Ferdinand, nor to his sister in regard to his interest in Ferdinand—waiting to see if the mystery of his peculiar attachment to him would not meet, at length, with some explanation. In his actions, indeed, he showed a peculiar regard for Ferdinand, but did not express in words the fondness which he felt for him.

One day as Mr. Linwood and Ferdinand were sitting together, recalling the scenes of their past lives, the former suddenly started up as if surprised and said to the latter:

"Ferdinand, did you tell me some time since, that your father was lost at sea?"

"Indeed I did," said Ferdinand, "for so I have always heard."

"At the time that you made that statement, I was so perturbed in mind by some peculiar occurrences, then of considerable moment, but now out of memory, that I neglected to enquire more minutely into your history—although even then I felt some considerable curiosity to know more about it."

"And why did you feel such a curiosity sir?"

Indeed, I hardly know—but I find that I feel it still, only in a greater degree."

"I must feel greatly indebted to you for thus manifesting a desire to know the character of my earlier life; for surely there can have been nothing in it, to my knowledge, worthy of special note."

"Will you tell me, Ferdinand, what vessel your father sailed in from Boston?"

"The Eliza."

"And that Ferdinand, was the very ship in which I sailed from America. Nor was there any infant aboard except mine."

Ferdinand was amazed—and exclaimed,

"Surely you do not mean to say that you are my father?"

"Indeed, I am! I *must* be for every connecting circumstance leads to this conclusion."

"And what will my mother say to this? Will she not say surprise upon surprise? Surely she was surprised to meet with you as her brother, and now she will be much more so at finding me your son!"

Soon Mrs. Deloraine came in, and seeing the father and son so joyous;—she enquired, "what could have occurred to render them both so much pleased?"

"Why," said Mr. Linwood, "Ferdinand and myself have been investigating our histories and we find that I am his father and he my son!"

"Is it possible?" she exclaimed,—"Ferdinand your son! brother; how can this be? And if so what development will come next? What may we not expect after this denouement? But I should like to hear this matter explained."

"The story would be a long one, sister, if related in all its details, but to some extent I can communicate to you the circumstances of the case."

"On the 10th day of September 18—, I left Boston, in the ship called the Eliza; and after a few months, the vessel, as I have before informed you, was wrecked on the coast of Africa. There I supposed my infant child, then on board with me, to have been lost. But it seems that he was saved from the deep by an old tar, who took him in charge and placed him in the hands of a lady, whom he supposed to be a kind hearted woman, to be trained up as her means would allow. That lady was *yourself*; and although you were not aware of any relationship between yourself and this child, yet you have treated him with the same kindness and affection, as if you had known his origin and name. This sister, is the history of the matter."

In a few days after these occurrences, as Mr. Lindwood was walking in the streets, he met with the good old sailor, and recognizing him as the man with whom he last saw his son in charge, he gave him a grateful shake of the hand, and invited him to go and see the lady, to whom he had entrusted his infant son many years before. The invitation was gladly accepted by the sailor, and he in company with Mr. Linwood, went to see Mrs. Deloraine, to congratulate her on the success which she appeared to have had in raising so fine a foster son.

This meeting of Mrs. Deloraine and the old sailor, transpired to the mutual joy of the two and of the confirmation of the past events connected with Ferdinands history.

CHAPTER IX.

AFTER the old sailor had rehearsed all the scenes of the shipwreck and the captivity, to which he had been subject amongst the Algerines, and the saving of the infant child from drowning; together with his final escape and safe arrival in France with his protege, he bade Mr. Linwood and his sister adieu; wishing them all future happiness and prosperity, and a grateful return from their son Ferdinand. The parting of the good old seaman caused them many tears, and strange reminiscences of the past. Ferdinand now too began more seriously to recall to his mind his last interview with Ethalanda. The time was one of deep interest to him; and of it, he had never for a moment lost sight. This interview we must now relate.

"Ethalanda," said Ferdinand, "are you indeed engaged to that base intruder, who so suddenly and so rudely interrupted us in our lucubrations?"

"Ferdinand" said she, "will you please to excuse me from answering that question?"

"Say that you *are*," said Ferdinand, "and I will bid you an eternal adieu!"

"Eternal!" said she—"eternal! that is a long time Ferdinand. If you truly love me—can you part with me *so* long?"

"Say that you *love* my rival, then—if, indeed, I must call him such, for I do not know his name."

"His name! why he calls himself Linwood, and we cannot show that this is *not* his name, although he has no resemblance to any of the Linwood family."

"Call him an impostor then!"

"Oh! no we cannot do that for he has many signs of a real Linwood."

"What signs?—since he has no resemblance to one of the name—nor to a gentleman, either!"

"Why he has Mr. Linwood's papers; those of his father, I mean—(if indeed Major Linwood was his father,) and his pocket-book and his proposals to my father, that a marriage should thereafter be contracted between hsmself and me!"

"So then you were truly betrothed by your father?"

"Yes, in infancy"—

"Alas! that such is your fate!—and mine too!"

"Why so?"

"Because that fellow (what shall I call him—my rival?—no, my enemy) is not worthy of you."

"But my father thought otherwise, and so *pre-engaged* me."

"And do you regard that engagement as binding?"

"O! I could not act in opposition to my father's wishes. My life would be an unhappy one, if I did—and my prospects———!"

"Are you not superstitious about this matter?"

"Perhaps I am;—but might not a father's curse rest upon me, if I should thwart his plans?"

"And do you love this man?"

"*Must* I not love him, if he is betrothed to me? Did not my father enjoin this in the very act that has sealed my fate!"

"And is there no one, whom you love more?"

"O! Ferdinand do not ask that question! I do not ask it myself; indeed I dare not. I must marry in compliance with the dying injunctions of my father, *whether I love or not!*"

"And is there nothing at stake but your regard for your father's blessing?"

"Yes, indeed, his entire estate!"

"And this is what weighs you down?"

"No—no—it does not weigh a feather with *me!*"

"Why then; not marry the person whom you love? Is *he* not worthy of you?"

"Yes, worthy, and more than worthy; I am not worthy of *him!* But Ferdinand you know that those who marry in contravention to their father's wishes, always turn out unhappily."

"Whom do you love *most*, Ethalanda?"

"Whom do you *think* that I love most Ferdinand?"

"Why not then, forego every thing for his love?"

"Ask me not, Ferdinand; if I *must* marry Jamison Linwood, I *must!* Why trouble me more?"

"But are you sure that such is his name?"

"My *Mother* is;—can I ask more?"

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

I am Wandering by the Brook, Beloved.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

I am wandering by the brook, beloved,
Where we were wont to stray;
When love and hope their pleasures cast
Like sunbeams on our way;
The lofty trees are shading yet
The wayside and the hill;
The gentle brook glides on, as yore
Beside the old quant mill;
The birds still sing their witching lays,
The sun still shines as gay;
But thou who wert the best beloved
Art from me far away.

I am sitting 'neath the oak, beloved,
Beneath whose lofty shade
Our vows of love and constancy
With honest faith were made;
Its leaves are still unfaded, love,
Its bearing still as high;
As when we watch'd through opening boughs
The bright stars in the sky;
The lightning's stroke has harm'd it not,
It still stands in its pride;
But thou who wert my life, my all,
Art no more by my side.

The little brook is mourning, love,
That it no more can trace
Or mirror on its limpid breast
The sunshine of thy face;
The old oak tree is sighing too,
And from its leaves so fair
A mournful wail is often heard,
That thou no more art there;
But grief like mine no words can tell
'Tis far beyond their reach;
The thoughts that lacerate my soul
Are far too deep for speech.

Baltimore, Md.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The Pilot Mountain.

BY PEE DEE.

The attempt to paint, *in words*, any thing like a correct picture of the view had from the Pinnacle of the Pilot Mountain must prove a sad failure, even if the pen were wielded by the hand of a "ready writer." A good landscape painter might possibly succeed in transfering to canvass an imitation which would faintly resemble the original—but to be fully appreciated it must be seen.

All the toil and fatigue of the ascent is for the moment forgotten as soon as you place your foot on top of that magnificent pile of Omnipotent masonry. It is so very different from what you have been accustomed to that it makes you almost dizzy—and at first it presents itself to the mind as something unreal, vissionary and unsubstantial. I know I felt like I should not have been at all astonished if the whole thing had vanished from my sight in a moment, and left me standing "solitary and alone" in one of my native haunts in the plain. But you gradually recover from this sensation, and begin to survey, one by one, the novelties which surroud you. Just as far as the eye can reach in every direction there is something new, beautiful and sublime to arrest attention. Away to the west, you can trace the range of the hazy Blue Ridge—and even there recollections and reminisences of the past are called up by looking at it—for you go back to the time when you traced that same range in a map, surrounded by innocent, infantile and happy faces. And you also go a short ways into the future and reflect that there that range will still stand when all those school-mates and you and I shall have gone to that "undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns." To the North, and apparently at your feet, though a long distance off, are the Saura Town Mountains. You gaze upon them again, notwithstanding they are the first which greet you in going West. Look to the South—you can follow the Serpentine windings of the Arrarat and Yadkin Rivers in the courses through the valley for many and many a mile away. Look all around you—the whole country is dotted over with farms and farm houses—the smoke ascending in beautiful fostoons and dissolving into mist and thin air away below you. The home you left an hour before, and after having taken that weary walk to the top of the Pinnacle, you have to look almost straight down to see—and are tempted to drop a pebble back into the yard. The red roads which you have been travelling to reach your present elevated footing, with an easy stretch of the fancy you can convert into Rivers of crimson while your eye follows them till lost in the distance. The monotony is broken every where—here a hill, there a vale and yonder a mountain or a mountain brook. The eye would scarcely ever weary in contemplating the lovely landscape which is unrolled at your feet in such unrivalled grandeur—nor the mind tire in meditating upon the *First Great Cause* which spoke into existence scenery so sublime. Take a scoffer who proclaims his skepticism and infidelity to the whole world—place him where I stood and he could not fail to look up from *Nature's Work* to *Nature's God*. The hand that piled those rugged rocks, mountain high, and arranged everything there in such perfect and romantic beauty is certainly an invisible one—but there is the evidence that it is as certainly an Almighty one. If there are persons whose weary limbs have taken them to the top of the Pilot, and whose thoughts have went no higher than the summit of the Pinnacle, it will be those who will fly to 'rocks and mountains' for relief, when their "calamities cometh." There is no preaching like it. Compare the poor, puny pulpit gesticulator, beating the air with his hands and arms as though his salvation depended upon the noise he made—compare him, I say, with the silent sermon preached by the *Great Creator* in his wonderful works among the mountains, and he sinks into utter insignificance. You look upon one with feeling of compassion, pity, perhaps contempt—you look upon the other with feelings of awe, veneration and profound reverence. I could not help thinking that if there could be a congregation of intelligent men and women assembled on top of that mountain, that they would in concert send up one unanimous murmer of praise and adoration. The teachings which you receive there are not written in doubtful and ambiguous phraseology—it is impossible to torture them into favoring this religion or condemning that—there is but one copy of the work extant, and, thank God, the layman as well as the divine is capable of reading and comprehending it. The man would be struck dumb who should go there and say yonder is a Presbyterian hill—this is a Methodist valley or that a Baptist brook—the man should be struck dead who would come away from there with sectarian strife or denominational bitterness rankling in his breast. Strange—is it not passing passing strange—that a person can go there and almost commune with mankind's Maker face to face—then go away, live in open rebellion to his government and break and violate his commandments and laws every day? Yet such is the case with thousands who have seen all I saw—and, God forgive me, if it is the case with myself.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

I want A Wife.

BY BROTHER JONATHAN.

I hope the single Ladies all,
Will give a strict attention
To some proposals which I here
Have thought it right to mention.

I am unmarried, and I have,
In meditating lately,
Concluded that a loving wife
Would suit my notions greatly.

These lines are published, that before
In person I address you,
I may perchance say something that
Will slightly prepossess you.

It were a stretch of fancy, sure,
To say that I am pretty,
Yet some have thought (and told me so)
That I am rather witty.

Some years have passed since first I came
To manhood's rights and follies,
And during these I've spent some time
Among the Kates and Mollies,

And other fair ones, who when I
Would tell them of their beauty,
And how I loved them, did not think
That listening was their duty.

Thus, like a merchant who foresees
His business prospects failing,
I advertise, and hope to find
This plan prove more availing.

Now as the slave that is for sale
By some swift-talking crier,
Most earnestly I ask the right
Of choosing my own buyer.

Therefore, I say, let her who bids,
Be modest, kind and gentle;
And let her early training be
Both physical and mental.

I would not wish her to despair
When poverty oppresses,
Nor would I wish her to grow proud
When fortune's smile caresses.

If she is poor and has a will
For active labor daily,
I think that we might pass through life
Together very gaily.

If she has wealth and does not know
How she may best employ it,
I volunteer my services
In helping to enjoy it.

Let her have noble aims in life,
And be no kind of tattler,
For I, most surely, never could
Sincerely love a prattler.

And if she would not wish to take
A voyage up salt river,
A curtain lecture she must not
At any time deliver.

The terms of sale are told:—Who bids?
Speak quick and let us know it,
If any one will give the price
Demanded by the poet.

P. S. Now if the bidder would not cut
Some literary capers,
The offers that she makes, need not
Be published in the papers.

And if she would not choose to rhyme,
Let it not be expected
That tempting bids, although in prose,
Are like to be rejected.

Church Hill, Ga.

At Goa, near Bombay, there is a singular vegetable—the sorrowful tree—so called because it only flourishes in the night. At sunset no flowers are to be seen, and yet, half an hour after, it is quite full of them. They yield a sweet smell, but the sun no sooner begins to shine upon them than some of them fall off, and the others close up, and thus it continues flowering in the night all the year.

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Greensboro, N. C.

A Correction.

By a mistake of ours, two names were *pied* in our Office. The Story now being published in the Times is not by H. A. Dwight; but by Mrs. L. M. Hutchinson. H. A. Dwight is the author of the Murderer's Daughter, to which Story we had fixed Mrs. Hutchinson's name. The correction will be made in the head of the Story next week; and the "Murderer's Daughter" will be properly credited when published.

DAVIDSON COLLEGE:—We are indebted to a friend for the Catalogue of Davidson College for the year 1857-58. From it we make some statements.

Davidson College is situated on the Plank Road leading from Charlotte to Statesville, twenty miles from the former, and is thus rendered easy of access to persons coming from any portion of the country, lying East, South East, and South West of Statesville. It is surrounded by population substantial, intelligent, and homogeneous in their religious character, and is as removed from temptations to vice and dissipation as any other locality in the State.

The number of students the past year was 99. In addition to the regular and full collegiate courses, there is a Scientific School connected with the college in which instruction is given in Pure Mathematics and Astronomy; Civil Engineering; Chemistry; Geology and Mineralogy and Modern Languages. The graduates in this department receive the Degree of "Bachelor of Science." No student can matriculate without signing the following pledge.

"I pledge my honor faithfully to observe and obey all the laws and regulations of this College while I continue a Student of the same."

Graduates of this, or any other College, may, without charge for tuition, further prosecute their studies at this Institution; but during their residence at the College, they shall be subject to the laws and regulations prescribed in reference to religious and moral conduct.

The Board have appropriated $2000 for the purchase of apparatus; they are erecting more commodious buildings for the use of the College; and a Cabinet of Minerals and Fossils of some eight or ten thousand specimens has been procured.

The College graduated its first class in 1840 and has graduated in all 206, the largest class being 16, the smallest 3.

The Greensboro Times.

We have not, perhaps, called the attention of the public to the Greensborough Times as we ought to have done, as it is endeavouring to supply the place of the miscellaneous papers of the North to Southern readers, and is therefore worthy of encouragement. But we do so now. It is well printed and is filled with a large amount of original matter. We call attention especially to a notice of the paper in our advertising columns, and it will be seen that the proprietors promise to do for their readers richly to the amount of two dollars. Now is a good time to subscribe as they will commence this month a very interesting Story.—Send on your names.

We are indebted to the Charlotte Whig for the above complimentary notice, also for publishing Prospectus. We have no right to complain of the Press; it has been very kind to us in most of the Southern States. And of all such we keep a regular list and shall bear them in mind in the future. But in many papers that have not published our prospectus, we see an advertisement of "Dr. James M. Jarratt," for which they will never receive pay, and which is humbugging the people. To such, we say, if they wish to advertise something genuine, try the Times.

Is the expression "write us again" good grammer? I think it ought to be—"write *to* us again." SCHOOLBOY.

Bullion says: "the preposition is often omitted; as, Give (to) me the book; do it (in) your own way; I wrote (to) you long ago; like (unto) his father."

The rate of travel of the comet is computed to be 150,000 miles per hour, at which rate the distance between Boston and San Francisco, round Cape Horn, (10 000 miles,) would be accomplished in four minutes, or between New York and Liverpool in one minute and six seconds. The telegraph had better break.

Children in a Runaway Balloon.

THRILLING INCIDENT.

Last week we published the horrible and fatal balloon ascension, of Mr. Thurston; and below present an account of another perilous balloon voyage which took place a few days since at the Fair Grounds, at Centralia, Illinois, as follows:

On Friday last a man named Wilson made an ascension from the Fair Grounds, at Centralia, Illinois, in a balloon belonging to Brooks, the Æronaut. He descended about eighteen miles distant, at the farm of a Mr. Harvey. After the grappling iron had been made fast, Harvay to amuse his children, one a boy of four years and the other a girl of eight years, placed them in the basket car and permitted them to ascend several times as high as the rope would allow. Unexpectedly the grappling iron slipped from the father's hand, and the balloon with its precious freight was wafted out of sight. The distress of the parent knew no bounds. The peril of his children he considered imminent, for what assurance had he that they would not be borne into some dense forest, where they would be over taken with hunger before they could be found, or perhaps descend into some lake or stream and be drowned? As soon as it was possible, an Extra was issued at Centralia, and the whole neighboring country placed on the alert to watch for the balloon and children.

Saturday morning at daybreak, a farmer near New Carthage, forty three miles distant from Mr. Harvey's place, discovered the balloon suspended in the air, attached by the grappling rope to a tree in his yard. He immediately hauled the balloon down, and found the youngest child asleep in the bottom of the basket, and the eldest carefully watching over her little brother.—They had been wafted about by different currents of air throughout the night, and had come to a halt but a little while before they were relieved.

The story the girl told was that as the balloon ascended she cried pitcously to her father to pull it down. She said she passed over a town where she saw a great many people, to whom she likewise appealed at the top of her voice. This place was *Centralia*. The balloon was seen to pass over there, but the people little imagined it carried two persons in such danger. Her little brother cried with cold, and the heroic girl took off her apron, covered him and got him to sleep. In handling the ropes she happened to pull one which had the effect of bringing the balloon down, and although not understanding the philosophy of the movement, she was quite content to keep the valve open, so long as by so doing she found she approached the earth.

The youthful aerial voyagers were in the balloon about thirteen hours and a quarter. It may easily be imagined that among the neighbors where they landed they were the objects of much curiosity and interest.—The girl's presence of mind and loving consideration for her brother, may well entitle her to remembrance, while the incident itself was of such a remarkable character that we opine that it will not soon be forgotten in that section.

The boy and girl were conveyed home as soon as practicable, and it is needless to say were received with outstretched arms.

NORTH CAROLINIAN ARRESTED IN ARKANSAS.—Dr. Lane, a candidate for the Legislature, from Polk county, in the recent Arkansas election, was arrested while canvassing his district in company with the opposing candidate, and indeed immediately after finishing a speech, by an officer from North Carolina, on charge of having committed a murder in that State many years since, from which time until recently his whereabouts had been unknown. Lane is said to be a man of learning and talents.

The above item of news has gone an extensive round. It is partly true, and partly not. Mr. (not Dr.) Lane is from this county, and was arrested, not for murder, but by a gentleman who stood his security in a large sum of money, for his appearance at court, in a suit for debt.

IMPORTANT TO POSTMASTERS.—Complaints having been made to the Post Office Department that the "care, custody and conveyance of the mails" are entrusted to persons not qualified, and under a suitable age, the following regulations, which are of long standing, are published for the benefit of all concerned:

"Postmasters will cause their assistants and clerks, as well as letter carriers, to take the oath of office required by law, and send them for file to the department before they enter on their duties.

No person under the age of sixteen years should be employed as a mail carrier or clerk in a post office. The special agents of the department and all postmasters will promptly report all instances of non-compliance with these regulations."

PRIVATE CORNER.

ROLLIN:—Your poems are always very acceptable, and the well packed envelope, though after a long silence, still shows a grateful remembrance. Please accept of our thanks for the past, the promise of the prose contribution and the following flattering tribute.—"Your paper has now been a regular and a welcome visitor for more than a year, and it always seems like an old and *tried* friend. I cannot but notice the contrast between the 'solid matter' it contains, and the light and trashy nonsense that crowds the columns of our "Ledgers" and "Weeklies." Southern people are without excuse if they do not give you a cheerful support."..... WANDERER,—"Gone Before" will "come along" soon..... A gentleman writes us from Virginia (and we thus return our thanks for his interest,) "There are some 15 or 20 copies of the N. Y. Ledger taken here and I am trying to get the "Times" substituted in its place."

RESTORATION OF BISHOP ONDERDONK.—As the time approaches for the meeting of the Protestant Episcopal Diocesan Convention, rumors are received that the high church party contemplate an initiatory movement looking to the restoration of the suspended Bishop (Onderdonk) to the exercise of his Episcopal functions.—What the plan of proceeding is, the uninitiated are not yet given to know. Any demonstration of this kind; it is said, will be resolutely opposed by the low church party.

FIRE AT SEA!

BURNING OF THE AUSTRIA!!

OVER FIVE HUNDRED LIVES LOST!!!

The Steamer Austria, from Hamburg for the United States, with 480 passengers and 100, crew, was entirely consumed by fire on the 13th September, and nearly all on board perished. The accounts given by the saved are heart-rending. The fullest is the

STATEMENT OF MR. BREW.

I took passage at Southampton on the 4th, in the steamship Austria, Capt. Heydtmonn, which left Hamburg second. We sailed at 5 P. M., the evening being a little misty, we in consequence anchored between the Isle of Wight and the main land, sailed again at 4 o'clock on the following morning. In weighing anchor an unfortunate accident occurred by which one of the crew lost his life; owing to some mismanagement the anchor ran out whirling the captain round with terrific force, hurling the men in all directions; two were severly injured, and one thrown overboard: he was supposed to have been instantly killed as he never rose to the surface.

From the time the ship was laid on her course we experienced strong westerly winds. On the 12th the weather was more favorable, and on the 13th a speed of eleven knots had been attained, and all were in high hopes of reaching New York by the 18th. At a little after 2 o'clock, P. M., I was on the quarter decks; I saw a dense volume of smoke burst from the after entrance of the steerage. Some women ran after exclaiming "the ship is on fire, what will become of us!" The ship was instantly put at half speed, at which she continued until the magazine exploded, from which I infer the engineers were instantly suffocated. I only walked from where I was on the quarter deck to the waist of the ship, when I saw the flames breaking through the lights amidships. As the ship was head to the wind, the fire traveled with fearful rapidity.

I then went to the man at the wheel, and told him to put the vessel with her side to the wind. He hesitated—probably did not understand me, as he was a native of Hamburg. I then got a German gentleman to speak to him. At this time I saw some persons letting down the boat on the port side of the quarter deck. What became of the boat I don't know, but think she was crushed under the screw. I then went to get a boat over from the star-board side of the quarter deck, but the moment we laid our hands on the ropes, there were so many people who crowded into it that we could not lift it off the blocks. We therefore left it for a few minutes, until the people got out, when we returned and launched it over the side of the ship, when, the people all rushing into it again, it descended with great violence into the water, and was instantly swamped, all the people being washed out excepting three, who held on to its sides. We then let down a rope and pulled up one person who proved to be the steward. Another, in the act of being hauled up, was strangled by the rope.

The fire now came on too fiercely to attempt to get up any more from the swamped boat.—All the First Cabin passengers were on the poop, with the exception of a few gentlemen who must have been smothered in the smoking room. Many of the Second cabin passengers were also on the poop, but a number of them got shut into their cabin, by the fire; some of them were pulled up through the ventilator, but the greater number could not be extricated. The last woman who was drawn up said there were six already suffocated.—We now perceived that the ship had got her head to the wind again, so that the flames came over the quarter-deck. In consequence of the crowd I could not get to the wheel house to ascertain the reason, but I was informed that the helmsman had deserted his post, and that the vessel, being left to herself, headed to the wind of her own accord. At this time the scene on the quarter-deck was indescribable and truly heart-reading. Passengers were rushing frantically to and fro—husbands were seeking their wives—wives in search of their husbands—relatives looking after relatives—mothers lamenting the loss of their children, some wholly paralyzed by fear, others madly crying to be saved, but a few perfectly calm and collected.

The flames passed so closely upon them, that many jumped into the sea, relatives clasped in each others arms leaped over and met a watery grave; two girls, supposed to be sisters jumped over and sunk kissing each other. A missionary and wife leaped into the sea together, and the stewardess and assistant steward arm in arm followed. One Hungarian gentleman with seven fine children four of them girls made his wife jump in, then blessed his six eldest children, made them jump in one after the other, and followed them with an infant in his arms. I about this time was standing outside the bulwarks holding on by the davits, leaning out to avoid the flames, which were leaping towards me. I saw a swamped boat under me, spinning by a rope still attached to the ship; as the oars were tied in her I thought if I could get to her, I would be enabled to save myself and some others.

I let myself down by a rope, passing over a man who was clinging to it, but who refused to come with me. I took out a penknife to cut the tackle; the large blade broke, and I then severed it with the small blade. The ship passed ahead as the screw approached; I found the boat drawn towards it. I tried to keep the boat off, but the screw caught and capsized her over me. I dived away from the ship, and came to the surface near a boat which was keeled upwards. I got on her, and by pressing on one side, with the assistance of a wave, she righted, but was still swamped. The oars had been knocked out by the screw. The only thing I could find in her to paddle with was some lathes nailed together as a sheathing for the sides. When I looked around the ship was a quarter of a mile away from me.—I could see the ladies and gentlemen jumping off the poop into the water in twos and threes, some of the ladies in flames. Several hesitated to leap from the burning ship until the last moment, as the height was twenty-two feet and were only at length compelled to throw themselves off to avoid a more painful death.

In half an hour not a soule was to be seen on the poop. I pulled after the ship and picked up a German who was swimming. I got him beside me on the boat and we paddled after the ship with the laths. I now saw a vessel under sail approaching. She reached the steamer at about 5 P. M. We continued pulling towards them, and about half past 7 o'clock, after being five hours in the water, got within hail of the sailing vessel, which put off a boat and took us on board. She proved to be the French bark Maurice, Captain Earnest Renaud of Nantes, bound from Newfoundland for the Isle of Bourbon, with fish. She had, up to that time rescued forty passengers of the burning steamer, chiefly taken off the bowsprit, though a few were picked up floating around. At about 8 o'clock one of the metallic boats came up with about twenty-three persons, including the first, second and third officers; afterwards three or four men were picked up floating on a piece of the broken boat. The second officer was taken up, having been swimming, with nothing to float him, for six hours.

The second and third officers were severely burnt, one male passenger was burnt frightfully, and some other male passengers slightly. There were but six women saved, three of whom were burnt. Capt. Renaud acted with the utmost kindness. He gave clothes as far as he could furnish them, to the suffering passengers, and acted as nurse, doctor and surgeon to the burnt people, dressing the wounds of the females with a deliency and tenderness that evinced a benevolent and amiable disposition. I did not see an officer of the ship during the fire, and am certain there was not one of them or the crew on the poop, except at the wheel, for a short time.—I understood that when the captain heard of the fire, he rusheed on deck without a cap, and when he saw the flames, exclaimed, "we are all lost." He tried to get out a boat, which, when let down, was swamped, and he whether accidentally or not I do not know, fell into the sea and was soon left far behind. The fourth officer was in this boat. He cut her loose from the davits; she was carried under the screw and smashed and several in her drowned. Three or four men escaped on a fragment and were picked up by the Maurice, as before stated. About the same time one metallic life boat was let down from the port bow an swomped, but got cleared away with about thirty-three persons in her, including the first and third officers and seven women.

The men in this boat capsized her two or three times, in trying to clear her of water. Ten persons were thus drowned including some women. They afterwards bailed her out with life preservers cut in too, and pulled to the Maurice, having picked up two or three passengers before reaching the bark. Altogether there were sixty seven souls taken into the Maurice during the night.

A Norwegian bark came up with the steamer the next morning and a boat was observed going around the burning ship. They may have picked up a few persons, but only a very few. The Maurice had no communication with the Norwegian.—At about 7 o'clock the Maurice sailed for Fayal to deposit the rescued passsengers. At about 2 o'clock the same afternoon, she fell in with the bark Lotus, Capt. Trefy, of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, from Liverpool for Halifax. As I was anxious to get on British territory, Capt. Trefy kindly gave me passage. He was also anxious to take all the American citizens, but there was such a rush of foreigners into the boats that only one load of eleven could be got off, and even several of these were foreigners.

The fire is known to have arisen from very culpable negligence of some of the crew. The captain and surgeon considered it expedient to fumigate the steerage with burning tar. The operation was to be performed by the boatswain under the superintendence of the fourth officer.—The boatswain heated the end of a chain to dip in tar to produce smoke. The end became too hot to hold, and he let it drop upon the deck, to which it set fire. The tar upset, and immediately all about was in flames. A feeble attempt was made to extinguish it, but without effect.—There was nothing at hand to meet such an emergency. The rescued passengers saved nothing but the clothes on their backs, and even the greater part of these were torn off and otherwise lost. Six hundred souls were supposed to be on board, including many women and children. Mr. Brew is the only British subject saved. He is in the British civil service and on his way to British Columbia. He will proceed to Boston in the steamer Eastern State on Tuesday, en route for New York.

STATEMENT OF PHILIP BERRY, OF HACKENSACH, N. J. I was in the second cabin on a sofa; a rush was heard at the door, and as I looked up to see what was the matter, I saw the people come in and the smoke following them; I then escaped by the skylight in the back of the cabin; when I got on deck I saw the entire midship on fire; and then attempted to remove the awning on the quarter deck; by this time the view from fore to aft was cut off by the smoke, and I went to see if I could possibly get a boat and save those on the poop. Three or four officers were at work on the second boat on the port side. The after falls were loosened and the fore falls were not entirely let out; the boat hung with the stern in the water and her forward part uppermost; several of the officers attempted to get on board at this time, and the captain attempted to lower himself into it by a rope which hung from the side of the burning steamer. In atempting to get into the boat, however, he missed his footing, and grasped a rope hanging from the afterpart of the boat which was partially lowered as stated. This rope dragged him some distance, and he sunk and was no more seen. The steamer during all this time was going about eight or ten knots an hour, and consequently he could not be rescued. It was impossible to stop the ship, the engineers, too, having been smothered by the smoke. I then determined to leave the boat, and save myself personally. I accordingly procured a lifebuoy, and remained upon the quarter-deck as long as the flames permitted. I saw another boat loward in the mean, which was smashed, and about fifty lives were lost in an attempt to get into it. The scenes on the deck were heartrending. A woman came to me and begged me for God's sake to cut her throat; she was running wildly about the deck, and I very soon lost sight of her.—Others were crying and implering for help from each other, but there was none. In fact, each was looking out for himself, and all discipline was lost. Not a man of the crew was to be seen. Those saved merely saved their watches and the clothes they had on. Not a particle of luggage whatever was saved. Several of us jumped over, intending to help each other when in the water, but were unable to do so from the fact that the vessel moved so rapidly away. We were four hours on the buoy, and I was the first person picked up by the Maurice. One of those who came with me on a life buoy was subsequently seen floating dead upon the water.

Execution of an Ex-Minister.

It has been briefly stated that Preston Turley, formerly a minister of the Gospel, was executed at Charleston, Kanawha county, Va., on the 17th ult., for the murder of his wife. There were about 5,000 persons present at the execution. The "Star" gives the following account of the execution:

The prisoner was very strenuous in the wish that his aged father and mother, and his own three little girls, who had come to town the evening before, should go to the gallows and witness his execution, although it was their intention to return early in the morning. This was so far overruled by friends, that his two oldest girls, who were old enough to have the scene impressed upon them through life, remained at Mr. Kelley's. Having bid his fellow prisoners farewell, precisely at 10 o'clock, he was led out of his cell, when he kissed his children, and took an affectionate farewell of them exclaiming, "it is hard to bear, that I cannot have my last wish gratified," alluding to have his children go to the gallows.

At five minutes past ten he entered the omnibus, surrounded by a volunteer guard. The prisoner, in passing from the jail to the Ferry, bowed to many of his former friends, and appeared to be the calmest individual in the company.

At 35 minutes past 10, the prisoner ascended the gallows with a firm step, and took his seat, accompanied by the sheriff and the clergy. He addressed the crowd in a short speech, in which he charged his misfortunes to the use of liquor, and said many who were there present had heard him preach, and he hoped they would take heed to this, his last sermon. He said he freely forgave all who had offended him, and he hoped the same clemency would be extended to him. He said he had made a confession, in which he had told all of his sins that he could recollect; some he could not recollect, as so many had been committed when under the influence of liquor. We do not pretend to give his precise words, but only a brief synopsis. He spoke about three-fourths of an hour.

After speaking, he requested that "Jerusalem my happy home," might be sung; he said that many present had sung it with him on more happy occasions. He started the tune himself. While singing, he called his aged father on the platform, threw himself upon his neck, interrupted the singing only long enough to say "Farewell," and then continued to take the lead. His mother, with his little daughter, came forward at his request, and he shook hands with her, and took his little one in his arms, kissed it, and all without seeming to be interrupted.—So, also, with a brother. They all left the ground before he fell. He also, while singing, shook hands with some twenty others. Among them, two of the brothers of his murdered wife. He had a smile on his face most of the time. There were but few dry eyes on the ground during this scene.

When they ceased singing, he turned about and said, "Sheriff, I am ready to die." He then took his station upon the platform, and when the fatal rope was fixed about his neck, the fortitude of his spirit did not seem to falter, although his body quailed. A slight shudder ran through his frame. He continued to make appeals to the Almighty, in a fervent and excited manner; just as the Sheriff descended the steps, he exclaimed, "Cut the rope quick, that I may go to Jesus." He then said "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" and repeated it as far as "Lord Je—" when, precisely at 12 o'clock, Sheriff Slack touched the spring, he dropped, and the spirit of Preston S. Turley passed to the tribunal of an offended but forgiving Deity. He died with scarcely a struggle.

The body was allowed to hang forty minutes, when it was taken down, put in a neat coffin, and conveyed to his father's residence. He was burried on Saturday. We understand there were about 300 persons present at the funeral, and that it was a very affecting scene. Turley was 36 years of age.

RUSSEL'S MAGAZINE.—For October received. A new volume commences with this number, and a good opportunity is now offered to all who desire to subscribe to this deserving Southern periodical.—The publishers are very prompt in issuing the respective numbers of the magazine, and they do their part of the work as well as we could wish it done. The book will be printed.

In a literary point of view, we think it equal, if not superior, to any like publication in the country. The editorial department is ably sustained, and the contributions are well written, and, as a general thing, of a high order of merit. The prominent feature in Russell, and one of the strongest arguments in its favor, is, that its articles are all original and furnished, too, by Southern writers.

As the book is a Southern undertaking throughout,—possessies merit, and is cheap withal, we see no reason why it should not supercede Harper, or any other Northern vilifier.

We have not had time to examine the October number carefully, but presume that, as usual, it is an interesting one.

The first article is styled "Marion—the Carolina Partizan"—a favorite subject with our South Carolina neighbors, and one they may proudly dwell on.

We also notice, on page 34, an article headed "Notes on the Pine trees of Lower Virginia and North Carolina." The writer has travelled through the regions of country he undertakes to describe, and we suppose he does it correctly.

The book is otherwise filled with readable articles, to say nothing of the Editor's table, and can be had of the publishers at 25 cents a number; or $3 a year. Russel and the Times both one year for $4.

SOUTH CAROLINA FAIR.—The annual Exhibition of the South Carolina State Agricultural Society opens in Columbia on the 9th of November. Hon. T. L. Clingman of this State is to deliver the Address.

A duel was fought in Mississippi last month by S. Knott and A. W. Shott. The result was Knott was shot, and Shott was not. In those circumstances we should rather had been Shott than Knott.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Among the Books.

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

The Atlantic Monthly—Agnes: A Tale of the Revolution—A Journey Due North—Davenport Dunn, by Chas. Lever—Littell's Living Age—After Dark, by Wilkie Collins—The Rival Beauties—The K. N. Papers—New issues.

Really this is not to be borne! Would the reader believe? The Autocrat—not of all the Russias—but of the Breakfast Table, whom we had considered domesticated for an indefinate length of time in the columns of *The Atlantic Monthly*, has gone and done it, and broken off with his readers, and got married to that charming schoolmistress, to whom redarmed Biddy, of the boarding house, presented a small copper breast-pin, which actually was adopted as part of the ornaments of the bridal-dress, and gone to Switzerland. We don't know what we shall do. It was so natural to look for the familiar face of the old gabbler, as the months came round, the days of which we should have counted had we known how soon we were to lose the feast. The Atlantic might be dull now, if—there was nobody else in it. But the fact is we turn, to dry our eyes, to a "lot" of other delectable viands, spread out over its clear, ample surface, its snow-white pages. One of these—the article on The Birds of the Garden and Orchard—in which we think we can trace the hand of Mr. Thoreau, is as genial and enjoyable as the songs of the birds themselves. In the nouvelette, Miss Wimple's Hoop, we can discern the ink marks of Mr. J. W. Palmer. The opening paper is certainly by E. P. Whipple; the tale of Her Grace, the Drummer's Daughter, is from Miss Caroline Chesebro; and nobody else in creation, from Burrampooter to the Land of Nod, could possibly have written Waldeinsamkeit, but Ralph Waldo Emerson. It is Brahma all over. We remark, *en passant*, that the Autocrat will re-open his budget in January.

The publishers of the *Atlantic*, Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston—Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, also issue in a very neat duodecimo volume, handsomely printed, a new tale of the Revolution, by the author of Caste, and other popular works. The simple title of *Agnes* conveys nothing of the deep feeling, the moving tenderness, and the thrilling pathos of this very readable romance. Over sixty thousand copies have been sold of a single work by the authoress, which extraordinary success, we take it, is somewhat indicative of the popularity which must attend the new effort. In the course of the story, the scene is transferred to the Indian settlements in the northern part of Pennsylvania, and the author has been wonderfully successful in delineating the aboriginal character. The plot is simple, but vigorous, and the stirring scenes of the time has enabled her to infuse much dramatic intensity into the story during its developement. It is full of incident, its field is comparatively a new one, and the book should be widely read.

A Journey Due North, by G. Augustus Sala, is the latest brochure from the press of those eminent caterers for the public delectation, Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, Boston—or Messrs. Parry & McMillan, Philadelphia. Of course it is a book of Russian travel, and all readers of Eothen know how brilliant and sparkling that can be made. Since the appearance of that fascinating book we have had nothing so charming as the *Journey Due North*. Whatever promise Mr. Sala has made he has more than fulfilled. His delightful book is, from first to last, a splendid panorama of the brilliant scenery of the North in the full blaze of its splendor. The Realities of travel he describes with a vividness which invests them with deep and abiding interest, while its Romance (and all travel is mixed with more or less of it) he pictures with clear, keen enjoyment, and the most refined taste. With these delinications are always blended entertaining recollections of the past, and something—though dashed in unconsciously—of poetic feeling. The book is one of the most fascinating we have ever read, and with these delightful recollections of it we cordially commend it to our readers.

Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, have just issued, in cheap half dollar form—but with excellent type and clear fine white paper—Charle Lever's new novel, *Davenport Dunn: A Man of Our Day*; with capital illustrations by Phiz. It is hardly necessary to commend to any reader a new romance by the author of Harry Lorrequer, Jack Hinton and Charles O'Malley, particularly when the assurance can go with it, that it is one of the most spirited, dashing and entertaining of the author's works. It is spoken of in the literary circles of London as the most matured and perfect of them all. It is overflowing with his genial humor, brilliant wit, and speaking daguereotypes of striking characters; while in force and vividness of description it exceeds all he has hitherto written.

Littell's Living Age (the 747th number,) complete in itself, and a fine specimen of magazine making contains three capital stories—from The National Magazine, from Chamber's Journal, and from Household Words—the first of which, Mr. Twentyman's First Love, is of some length and very interesting. From the National Review, there is also an elaborate critical essay on Comte's Life and Philosophy, which should be read by many even who put no faith in the Positive Religion of the great French Philosopher. And from The United Service Magazine there is a most enjoyable descriptive paper on Scenes of Tropical Life. Then there are Reviews—some satirical and cutting, some approbatory—of "Festus" Bailey's new Poem, (republished here by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields) Walton's famous Lives of Dr. Donne, Wotton and others, and Madam Davieces' Poets and Poetry of Germany. Another number will complete a quarterly volume of this fine periodical, of which fact we post our readers that they may begin with the first week in October to put themselves in a way to receive its visits. Sent free of postage, to any place, by Messrs. E. Littell, Son & Co., Boston.

Another of Wilkie Collins' powerful fictions, fully equal to The Dead Secret, has just been issued, in cheap half-dollar form by Messrs. Dick & Fitzgerald, New York, or Peterson Brothers, Philadelphia. It is entitled *After Dark*, and is marked by a felicitous power of description, a broad and earnest sympathy, and a "genially philosophic tone. Wilkie Collins' delineations of character are strong and accurate; his stories have a real life interest; and his plots are most ingeniously and thrillingly drawn. *After Dark* will be found among the best of them, and it is deserving of a large sale.

To their "Library of Sterling Novels," Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, have just added *The Rival Beauties*, by Miss Pardoe, a most beautiful fiction. We have already spoken in full of Miss Pardoe as a novelist; we may add that The Rival Beauties is one of the best of her works, a charming romance of English life, and one of that kind which most fascinates lady readers. A refined lady-like spirit breathes throughout the work. Typography very neat; half-dollar form; paper covers for mailing.

One of the most laughable and brilliant books of the season, is the *K. N. Pepper Papers*, reprinted from the Knickerbocker Magazine, in a neat 12 mo. volume, by Messrs. Rudd & Carleton, New York, or Lippincott & Co., or Peterson Bros., Philadelphia. It is characteristically illustrated, all of the pictures being at least original, and some of them decidedly affecting. They are quite as striking and rich as the text, which is made up of the Soliloquy to a Herd on the Fens; A Nond to the Grek Slaiv—as immortal as the *Statoo* which inspired it; Lines to the Comeck; and many other lyrics and heroic pieces, either one of which were enough to make the great Pote immortal. Originality deserves to be taken by the hand, and Pepper is decidedly a genius. His book is enough to chase away the blues from the bluest individual in the universe.

Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have just issued a New volume of Poetry by Longfellow. Messrs. Rudd & Carleton have in press a new novel by Guerazzi. Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers have issued, paper covers, *The Opera Dancer*, by Reynolds, marked by that peculiarities which have made the author popular.

TWO MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWES. It turns out (as we see it stated in the papers) that Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe is *not* in Europe, but has been resting quietly at her home in Andover for a year and a half past. We are authorised to say that the lady has not been *feted* in Paris, for the reason that she was not in Paris when somebody who took her name was *feted*; nor is she preparing a book on Normandy, as the English papers insist upon reporting. The stories which float about in the Paris and London Press purporting to describe the movements of Mrs. Stowe, clearly relate to some unknown individual who is carrying on a very large hoax. Is there a bogus Mrs. Stowe abroad?

ROW AT PRINCETON.—There has been a difficulty between the students and citizens. The students took possession of an old cannon, which, for some years, has stood as a post on the corner of Witherspoon and Nassau streets, and removed it to the back campus. This some of the citizens resented, and on Saturday evening an attack was made on one of the students' rooms, and the inmate injured by a blow from a stone or other missile on the breast. The students rallied, and arming themselves with clubs, &c., drove their assailant off. Great excitement ensued, but it was finally quieted by Mayor Cumming and the officers of the college.

RANDOLPH MACON COLLEGE.—The Fall Session of this institution opened on the 16th inst. The matriculates already number 100 or upwards, being an increase over the number of the last session, and others are daily arriving. We are gratified to learn that the enterprise of a permanent endowment of the College is progressing most encouragingly. Little, if any doubt, is now felt that the labors of the indefatigable agent, Rev. H. B. Cowles, together with the effective aid rendered by Dr. Wm. A. Smith, will be crowned, ere the year closes, with complete success. To the friends of the College and of education generally this cannot fail to be welcome intelligence. It affords us sincere pleasure to be the bearer of such tidings.

With a permanent endowment fund of 100,000 the Trustees of the Institution will be enabled to retain in their service the present able and efficient corps of professors. With such a faculty they can confidently assure the public that the youth of the country put in their charge will be thoroughly educated, and reciprocally they can confidently look to the public for their continued countenance and support.—*Tobacco Plant.*

HEAVY SENTENCE.—McCary who was tried for murder at the recent term of Fluvanna county (Va. Circuit Court) was found guilty of justifiable homicide, and fined $2,000. The judge added to the sentence twelve months' imprisonment in the county jail.

CAUTION.—A little son of Mr. Albert Platt of Mercer county, Va., came to his death on the 5th inst., by swallowing percussion caps. He was known to have swallowed eighteen if not more. No medical aid being near he died in about eighteen hours.

SWAPPING WIVES.—The Danville Transcript says: A friend informs us that an occurrence in Patrick county came to his knowledge a few days since, which we consider decidedly rich. Two of the citizens of that go-a-head State, having each about a half-dozen children concluded to make a swap of an unheard of character. One proposed to exchange wives, but the other thinking his wife the most likely woman, said he must have something to boot. It was finally agreed that the one should give the other *two and a half bushels of potatoes*, and the swap was made. This, we doubt not, is a fact to which our friend can furnish vouchers.

The *Transcript* is mistaken in denominating the above case one of an "unheard of characte." While a resident of the "ancient state of Buncombe" we heard of a case just like it in all its particulars, except that the "boot" given was a cow and calf instead of two bushels and half of potatoes. The parties raised large families, and we believe are still living.

We also heard of a man there selling his wife for half a dozen wool hats! Can our Virginia cotemporary beat that?—*Watchman Ga.*

PROVERBS.—Use soft words and hard arguments. Understanding without wealth is like feet without shoes; wealth without understanding is like shoes without feet.

When the wine is in, the wit is out.

Times' Correspondence.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

RALEIGH, N. C. Oct. 4th 1858.

The Sheriffs and the Legislature, the Law ought to be enforced—Rev. Mr. Crowder, the colporteur, his claim—Preparations for the Court, Fair and Legislature—The candidates—The O. C. C's—The Baptist convention—Committee on canons—Death of Mr Solomons.

Dear Times:—The term allowed by law for the Sheriffs to settle with the Public Treasurer, expired on the 31st ult.; considering the hardness of the times and the scarcity of money it is gratifying to know that, out of the whole number, only four have turned up missing, and these were probably prevented by a very slight difficulty, viz: they could not get the money. The penalty is a fine of $1.000, in several instances more than the whole tax; the usual course of proceeding has been for the Legislature to remit this. We, for one, take ground against this indulgence, in advance; an immunity granted to four or even to one, could very easily be strained into an invincible precedent, and as the Credit of the State depends principally on the accuracy and punctuality of the Sheriffs, it will readily be seen that too much is at stake to allow the guardians of the Public Honor to be negligent in this matter. It may damage somebody's pocket very seriously, but we go for having the laws administered to their full extent and letting the consequences rest where they belong.

Another case will call for Legislative intervention, but this is a call of charity, and one in which every good man will join in the petition for relief. During the summer, an estimable gentleman from Virginia was appointed by Rev. Mr. Crowder, of this city, a colporteur in Warren county for the sale or distribution of Bibles, Testaments and Tracts; a horse and wagon were procured by the aid of several gentlemen and the worthy man went on his way rejoicing and scattering the good seed wherever he went. In the course of a day or two, that omnipresent fiction "the Law," pounced down on him, seized his horse, wagon and books and demanded $100 fine. Nothing would do, no plea of ignorance, no works of Charity would avail; the demand was imperative: pay or Jail. This fine Mr. Crowder has paid and it now remains for our solons to grant him relief and return the money; it is sincerely to be hoped the still, small voice will not plead in their breasts in vain; meantime the operations of the colporteur are of course suspended.

This most exemplary christian, Mr. Crowder, is still daily fulfilling his good work; thousands now can bear witness of the benefits he has conferred on them. Churches and Sunday schools spring up around his footsteps, and children, fathers and mothers, who never before knew the meaning of prayer, nightly lift their hands to "Our Father in Heaven" and call down blessings on their head. He has but recently returned from a visit to our mountain region, with renewed health and strength; may he live till his work is crowned with triumphant success. His accounts of the ignorance and destitution of some of the sections he explored, interesting as they are, would be incredible, coming from a less reliable authority; after all, the Bible is the great instrument of Civilization; let us all then, every good christian who loves his maker and his fellow, unite to spread the glad tidings.

This is our Superior Court week, Judge Caldwell presiding; there is at least one capital case, removed here from Johnston, a woman who deliberately shot and killed an officer who was entering her yard to levy on her property.

The citizens are getting ready for the Fair and the Legislature; the Gas will soon be lighted; the side walks are crowded with boxes, the counters and shelves with goods, the stores with ladies; talk of hard times, why the mere sight of the dear, sweet faces, encircled by such loves of bonnets, just large enough for Cupid to nestle in, would melt down, liquidate, demolish, cause to evaporate and transmogrify the "Iron Age" itself. Candidates are springing up and blooming out by scores, like the flowers by the roadside; how miraculously they shoot up, wherever the soil, or the office, is rich. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a" cap of state; no one knows but some bright morning, like the Assyrians mentioned by Isaiah "when they arose early in the morning, behold they were all dead corpses," he may wake up and find his glory departed, and another somebody in his place. Even our excellent Treasurer now warm in his place, after signing so many coupons and paying them too, is to have opposition; and the Secretary too; a formidable rival has declared himself for that important post. There are the two vacant seats in the Senate, who bids for them? Syme, of the Register, has already declared his preference for his amiable antagonist, Holden, as the occupier of one of the seats; but we do not really believe he would vote for Holden; they two are necessary for each other's existence here; one could no more shine without the other than the moon without the sun, or our gas jets without Waterbowes and House. We hope if Holden consents to be Senator, he will come back occasionally to let Syme get a good look at him; it would do them both good.

The Oak City Guards had their monthly parade on Friday last. Our citizens do well to sustain this gallant corps, and to cherish them as our pride; every county ought to do the like, if for nothing else than to gratify the ladies, scare the babies, set the little boys running and break the monotony of our quiet, very quiet evenings. Capt. Tucker having resigned, 1st. Lieut: Thompson has been chosen Captain; 2nd. Lieut: Anderson promoted to 1st: Jones to be 2nd; and John W. Wiggins, 3rd Lieut; the Captain being absent, Lieut. Anderson put the Company through the streets and the manual, in fine style. "Floreat in æternum"—

> Guard well your banner, youthful band,
> Drive foul Disunion from our land,
> And scorn it from your breast;
> Act ye well your chosen part,
> Strong in arm and pure in heart,
> And God will do the rest.

Our Baptist brethren are engaged in active preparation for their Convention, which meets in this city, Nov. 10th.; a full attendance is expected, large houses will be opened and larger hearts ready and warm to greet them. The sessions will be held in their magnificent new church, which will be ready for use, and nearly completed by that time.

The Committee on Canons of P. E. church of this Diocese, appointed by the last convention, have met in this city and completed their labors; the members were Rev. Drs. Mason and Curtis and Mr. Watson of the Clergy and Hons: Thos. Ruffin, W. H. Battle and J. H. Bryan of the Laity; Dr. Curtis was absent; Mr. Watson has just accepted a call to Newbern, that parish being vacant by the resignation of Rev. Mr. Haughton.

Mr. Henry J. J. Solomons, formerly well known in this city as an organist and teacher of Music at St. Mary's, died suddenly on his seat at the organ, in Richmond, last week. Yours &c. P. S. S.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 23rd 1858.

Dear Times:—A sudden change in the temperature, comprising a fall in the thermometer from 85 to 41 degrees in twenty four hours, has precipitated us into real hard forewarnings of autumn and even something "inaun waur." In fact, the sharp winds to day, the feeble, try-to-be summer sort of look of the sun, speak to us with unmistakeable signs that the days of out-door delights, of lolling under trees, and of studying those "books in the running brooks" are numbered. Oliver Holmes has got it right! For instance,—

> The bristling winds now quick o'ertake us all,
> Making their presence felt with sharp incisions;
> And everything bespeaks the approach of fall,
> Except provisions.

Of the matter of the New York insult to Philadelphia firemen, referred to in my last, the Philadelphia North American has the following:—

"THE NEW YORK APOLOGY.—The *amende honorable* has been made by the New York fire department, for the insult offered to the Philadelphia Hose Company. On Monday night, a committee of four, from the board of firemen and engineers of the New York fire department, arrived in this city, and they were introduced to the members of the Philadelphia Hose Company, a stated meeting of the company being in session. The committee made known their business, which was to present to the Philadelphia an invitation to visit New York. The strangers were received by Mr. George Boldir, on behalf of the Philadelphia, and the New York committee having retired, a committee of five was appointed by the Philadelphia, with instructions to make a reply declining to accept the invitation, but assuring the New York committee of the full appreciation by the company, of the kindness and courtesy of the board of engineers and firemen, and the companies which they represent. The New York committee returned home yesterday morning."

The Ledger also says,

"The New York firemen brought with them, as a present to the Philadelphia Hose Company, an engrossed copy of the resolutions adopted by the Board of Engineers and Foremen of the New York Fire Department, recently published in the Ledger, expressing regret at the manner in which the Philadelphia Hose members were treated, during their late stay in New York. The resolutions are a handsome specimen of penmanship, and are enclosed in a splendid gilt frame, with oval top, the whole elaborately carved, surmounted with a gilt eagle. The frame is about three and a half feet high by two feet wide, the whole costing some $60."

The augmented troupe of the Ravels, aided by Yrca Matthias, etc., are giving their first representations in the United States, at the magnificent American Academy of Music, corner of Broad and Locust Sts. It was fit that they should make their first appearance before an American public, in this, the most sumptuous and stupendous Temple of Drama and Art in the United States. Its tremendous proportions, its magnificent stage (alone capable of holding 1500 persons:) its brilliant decorations, and artistic finish, qualify it for performances in Opera, Ballet and Drama on a scale of magnificence unattempted in any of the Opera houses in the old world. Our keystone citizens are doing justice to the performers now there, the house being filled nightly with an audience of about 4000 (four thousand!) persons.

The Fifty First Philadelphia Book Trade-Sale is progressing with considerable spirit, this week. The attendance daily is large, and the bidding animated. The prices are full up to the mark, and the sales made are in such quantities as to give assurance to the hope that the prostration of the trade, which has been so marked for a year past, is assuming a more hopeful sign.

Mr. Gleason, of Boston, well known in newspaperial circles, is about to issue again, from his old quarters at the corner of Bromfield and Fremont Sts, a splendid "Pictorial." From what we know of Mr. Gleason's enterprise and means we have no doubt it will eclipse everything of the kind yet attempted in this country. So let our readers look out for it.

A plan for two magnificent and extensive Parks, one on each side of our beautiful Schuylkill river, to cover several hundred acres of ground, is now under serious consideration here. They are to compare with the celebrated Parks of London, and will furnish every variety of scenery and beauty. One of them, the Landsdowne Park, in several places reaches an elevation of 400 feet! and is unrivalled for the beauty, variety and extent of its views and grounds. It is especially fitted for the purpose intended, and is now very favorably laid out in part, having once been the residence of the Marquis of Landsdowne. Tom Moore's cottage, on the North,—you will remember this cottage from the many prints of it that are scattered all over the country—beautifully located on one of the most charming spots on the Schuylkill river, is in full view. The other Park, the Sedgely, much less in size, will only cover about 200 acres, but includes the celebrated Fairmount Water Works, Lemon Hill, etc. A large portion of this Park is now being fitted up and laid out in order.

Yours, and *au revoir*, *

CONFERENCE.—The Annual Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church of Virginia was appointed to be held in this place next month: but as the officials of the Va. & Tenn. Railroad will not permit the delegates to pass at half fares, it will be held in Eastern Virginia—at Chuckatuck. Delegates to "Sotuthern Ceonventions," members of the *Lynchburg* Agricultural Society, and, we believe, *bulls steers cows, sheep* and *Shanghae chickens*, for exhibition, are passed at half fares; but poor Methodist preachers are charged full price. It is well that "corporations have no souls"—for the D—l would get his hands full.—*Abingdon Va. Dem.*

DEATH OF WM. L. CALHOUN.—The Abbeville (S. C.) *Banner*. communicates the sad intelligence of the death of William Lowndes, youngest son of the late John C. Calhoun. He died, on the 19 ult., at his plantation, in Abbeville District.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

New York, Oct. 1st.

Ocean Telegraph—Loss of the Austria—Business—Elections—North Carolinians in New York—Quarantine—Frosty—Fashionables—Churches—American Institute—Liquor Dealers—"Zouave."

The "*celebraters*" here not only burned the City Hall, but killed in its infancy the *telegraph* itself; at least it has shown no signs of speech since the first instance. They say at its terminus that it still lives, but is unable to *communicate*. Why may not the "*dead language*" be applied to it? The fault is supposed to be some abrasion near the shore, where the water becomes shallow, and the cord is subject to be moved about by the waves. Its friends are not at all discouraged, and think a few days will put it to rights. The news of the loss of the steamer *Austria* was sudden and terrible. The Austria was built in 1857, at Greenock, and cost $300,000. She left Hamburg Sept. 1st, with a crew of 100, and 480 passengers. Out of this number 67 are only known to be saved. On the 13th she took fire, and in a few brief hours all were driven from the flames into the ocean; singly, in pairs, and in families, they embraced each other, and with fire behind and death before, they leaped into the ocean to rise no more!

The rush of business is over, and it has been satisfactory, particularly the southern part of it. Payments have been good and purchases liberal. The three parties in the State have their separate tickets, and all have an average of respectable men, and of course each claims for itself the best ticket. The result is very doubtful. The American party takes the "*Canal*," the Republican and Democratic, the "*Railroad*"—both powerful interests, but both cannot rule. Hon. J. W. Ellis, the newly elected Governor, and his lady, the Hon. D. M. Barringer and family, the Venerable Fred. J. Hill, and Judge Person and lady, of N. C., were all in our city last week. Judge Ellis bears his honors, political and social, well. Judge Person, like Judge Ellis, has a "new wife," both of whom are accomplished ladies. Who would not be a judge? and who would not be a judge's wife? General Barringer is less fortunate, not in not having a good wife, but having one in bad health. He will remain at the Everett House for some time, and will settle his family in Raleigh after his return. Gov. Morehead and daughter are also here.

The Quarantine is still in commotion; meetings and counter meetings are held; promises and threats made. The latest notion is to put it out to sea in ships, protected by spiles and extended docks, which may eventually prevail. The city cant take the fever, or we should have been dead long since; and frost has now interposed two or three times the past week, and cooled the atmosphere, driving home all the "fashionables," and again filling our streets and churches with a somewhat recruited humanity! The American Institute opened up the annual fair at the Crystal Palace last week to a large audience. The exhibition is good. A late decision of one of our courts places the liquor dealers in warm quarters, finding each one guilty *each day* for the last fifteen months of a breach of law, and a fine of fifty dollars for *every day!*

The "gallant Zouave" was to lecture on "love" last night, but, alas! just as he was starting, he was arrested and put in prison! Yours respectfully, E.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 4th, 1858.

Theatrical matters—Miss Coombs—The Washington Monument—A history of its affairs—Change in the Presidency of Georgetown College—The Celebration at Mt. St. Mary's.

During the last week little else has been talked about in gay circles besides the young and beautiful star actress that has just made her appearance on the boards. After her *debut* at Niblo's in N. Y. we think that Miss Coombs was right in making her second appearance before the appreciative audiences of the National Metropolis. Certain it is that she has won golden opinions among us, opinions that cannot fail to be of service to her in her future career. This week Miss Maggie Mitchell will appear, and no doubt her sprightly manner, though wanting the grace and dignity of Miss Coombs will draw crowded houses.

Some years ago, it will be remembered politics was introduced into the workings of the Washington National Monument Association. The then leaders of the K. N. or American party succeeded by skillful manœuvering in becoming possessed of the control of the great work. A board of Managers exclusively of their own party was elected to succeed the old Board which had been composed of the first men of our Country without regard to politics. The new Board at first promised great things in the name of their *Americanism*; but after three years of Exclusive sway, during which the monument advanced but *four feet*, and that too by the use of stones which had been rejected as imperfect by the old Board, the K. N's. saw the futility of hoping to erect a National Work by party means, and, offered to resign their places to the members of former Board. Those gentlemen with a forbearance that does them credit consented to re-accept the charge of the work. They met a short time since and devised measures to restore the monument to its former flourishing condition. Work, which has now been suspended on it for more than two years, is to be resumed and it is to be hoped that this tribute to the good and great Washington stripped of the baneful influences of party, will not languish for want of a hearty support on the part of the American people.

President Magure of Georgetown College has retired from his post. The laborious duties of his office during the past six years have quite worn away his strength. He will be succeeded by the Rev. Dr. Early of Baltimore. His loss will be severely felt by the Students of the College among whom he was much beloved.

Many are leaving our City to-day to take part in the great Celebration at Mt. St. Mary's College which will take place on Wednesday next. Q.

AN AMERICAN "BARON."—George Parish, a well known millionaire of Ogdensburg, N. Y., has fallen heir to additional wealth and honors. His uncle, the Baron of Seuftenberg, in Bohemia, and knight of several orders, has just died, leaving him heir to his title and vast possessions. Mr. Parish, our baron, is now in Bohemia, making all the arrangements necessary in connection with the succession.

From the Western Democrat.

Convention of Dentists.

The third annual meeting of the North Carolina State Dental Society was held in this place on the 20th of September. Members present: Drs. E. H. Andrews, R. P. Bessent, West Harris, J. W. Howlett, Jno. Henry Wayt, D. P. Gregg, W. S. Tate and D. W. C. Benbow.

The President, Dr. E. H. Andrews, called the society to order. On motion of the Examining Committee, Jno F. Howlett, of Greensboro, was admitted to membership.

The reading of Essays was next in order, as follows:

"Dentistry as a Profession," by Rufus Scott, Washington. "The injurious effects of Tobacco upon the Teeth and Gums," by W. S. Tate, of Statesville. "Mechanical Dentistry," by D. W. C. Benbow, of Fayetteville.

On motion, the President appointed Drs. Howlett, Gregg and Benbow a committee to select subjects for discussion at the evening session; and the convention adjourned till 8 o'clock, P. M.

The Convention met pursuant to adjournment. The committee reported the following subjects for discussion: "Mechanical Dentistry" and "Sensitive Dentine." These were discussed at considerable length, after which the convention adjourned to meet at 10 o'clock the next day.

THURSDAY, Sept. 30, 10 o'clock, A. M.

The Society being called to order, the following topics pertaining to the Profession were introduced and discussed severally:

1st. Use and effects of Chloroform and Ether upon the system. 2d. Electricity for the extraction of Teeth. 3d. Best material for the insertion of Artificial Dentures. 4th. Treatment of diseases of the Antrum. 5th. Alveolar Abcess. 6th Treatment of diseased and exposed Nerves. 7th. Filling of Teeth.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The Society met and elected officers for the ensuing year, as follows: President, D. P. Gregg, of Greensboro; Vice-President, R. P. Bessent, of Salisbury; Secretary, W. S. Tate, of Statesville; Treasurer, Rufus Scott, of Washington.

On motion, the President appointed the following committee to select subjects for discussion at the 4th annual meeting in 1859, viz: Drs. Harris, Tate and Benbow. Subjects: 1st, Treatment of Teeth, with exposed Nerve. 2d. Best method of inserting lower Dentures. 3d. Irregularity of Teeth, and Treatment. 4th. Diseases of the Gums, and Treatment. Drs. Wayt, J. F. Howlett, Tate, Harris and Benbow were appointed to prepare papers for 4th annual meeting.

Drs. Tate, Benbow and J. W. Howlett were appointed delegates to the next annual meeting of the National Convention.

On motion, the thanks of the Society were tendered to Dr. Andrews for the able and efficient manner in which he presided over the meetings of the society.

It was then resolved that the place of our next annual meeting be in Salisbury, on the 1st Wednesday in September, 1859. A motion to adjourn was then carried.

MURDER.—On the 16th inst., in Stokes county, near the Virginia line, we understand a wealthy citizen, by the name of Allen Pringle, was found dead, his body mangled and bruised, clearly indicating that he came to his death by the violence of some other person.

It is believed that he was killed over on the Virginia side and brought over into Stokes.

The deceased was a farmer and a respectable man. As yet, so far as we have heard, no traces of the assassin have been discovered.—*Sentinel.*

MARRIED,

In Clemmonsville, on the 30th Sept. by the Rev. S. H. Helsabeck, Mr. C. W. MOSS, to Miss MARY E. DOUTHIT, daughter of B. C. Douthit, Esq.

At the residence of the bride's father, Aug. 25th, 1858, by the Rev. W. S. Chaffin, Mr. J. B. FARRAR and Miss. BETTIE AVENT, daughter of Mr. Joseph Avent, all of Chatham co., N. C.

In Warren co., on the evening of the 21st, inst., by Rev. R. G. Barrett, Mr. AUGUSTUS A. CHEEK and Miss. E. J. NEWELL.

BOOKS! BOOKS!! THE STOCK OF BOOKS, &c., belonging to the late firm of E. W. Ogburn & Co., are now offered **at Cost!** Merchants and others, engaged in the sale of BOOKS, will do well to call and examine for themselves, as the stock on hand must be sold for the purpose of **Closing up the Concern.**

☞ All persons indebted to the firm must call and settle. JAMES W. DOAK, Surviving Partner.

March 22, 1858. (115-tf.

FRANGIPANI, AN ETERNAL Perfume. The perfume bearing the above name is undoubtedly one of the most gratifying to the olfactory nerve ever yet discovered.

Call at Porter's Drug Store where you can get it in any of its variety of forms—with a great variety of other popular perfumes and Toilet articles.

Dec. 1.

JUST AT HAND—A Superior article of Adamantine Candles at 25 cts. per lb., by the Box. COLE & AMIS.

March 31, 1858.

HOLTON'S OINTMENT, **An Infallible Remedy, for Bone Fellons,** and For the cure of burns, biles, sprains and bruises and for old and running sores of all sorts, either on man or beast. For sale at the Drug Store of W. C. PORTER.

A CARD! Persons indebted to me by Note or otherwise will please call upon Mr. WM. L. SCOTT, Attorney at Law, and settle. By doing this, they will save cost. S. HOPKINS.

Greensboro Aug. 3 1858. 134—3m.

NOW IS THE TIME! ONE DOLLAR for good White Wheat. J. & F. GARRETT.

Aug. 26.

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!! CLOTHING!!! We beg to announce to our Customers and the public generally that we now have in Store, and are daily receiving a very extensive and choice Selection of Fall and Winter Clothing, comprising everything of the latest and most elegant styles. Also a large Stock of Boots, Shoes, Pistols, Shirts, Jewelry, a variety of Watches and numerous articles in that line. We are prepared to sell those goods at prices to defy competition. Call and examine our cheap and well selected Stock.

S. ARCHER & CO.

LAST NOTICE!—Those indebted to S. Archer must settle by the first of October, or they will have cost to pay.

THOSE INDEBTED TO THE FIRM OF E. W. OGBURN, & CO., would do well to call and settle, and by that means they will save cost. JAS. W. DOAK, Surviving Partner.

136—tf.

COMMERCIAL.

GREENSBORO MARKET, Oct. 6

Reported expressly for the Times.

By Gilmer & Hendrix, Merchants, West Market.

Bacon 12½@13; Beef 4@5; Beeswax 20; Butter 12½@; Coffee 14@16, Candles, Tallow 22@25, Adamantine 37@40, Sperm 55@60; Corn 80@0 Meal 80@0.00; Chickens 10@15; Eggs 6@8; Feathers 40@45; Flour 5.00@6.00 Flaxseed 1.00; Hides, green 5, dried 10; Hay 50@60; Lard 12½@15; Molasses 40@50; Nails 6@7; Oats 40; Peas, yellow 75@0.00, white 75@1.00; Pork 8.00@8.50; Rags 2½@; Rice 8@0.00; Salt 2.25@2.50; Sugar, Brown 10@12½, loaf 18½, crushed 16⅔, clarified 14; Tallow 12½@15; Wheat 80@1.00; Wool 25@30.

WILMINGTON MARKET, Oct. 5.

Reported expressly for the Times.

By Geo. H. Kelley, Dealer in Provisions and Groceries.

Sugar. Crushed,	11½	Spirits,	46
Loaf,	12½	*Tar,*	1 70
C. Yellow,	10 10½	*Candles,*	23 28
A Coffee,	11 11½	Sperm,	50 60
Brown,	8 9½	Tallow,	16 18
Rio,	11½ 12½	*Cotton;*	14½ 12½
Laguayra,	12½ 13	*Salt,* Alum,	25
Java,	18 20	Sack,	75.1
St. Domingo,	13	*Bacon,*	12
Molasses, by hhd.,	27	*Oates,*	50
by bbl.,	30	*Corn,*	70
Cheese,	12½	*Pork,*	19. 20
Lard,	13	*Mullets,*	8.00
Flour, Family	6.00	*Mackerel,*	10
Super.	6.87½	*Rice,*	3.50
Spts. Terpentine,	3 00	*Meal,*	75
Hard,	1.47½	*Peas,*	1.1.11

NEW BERNE, MARKET, Oct. 2.

Reported expressly *for the Times*

By D. C. STYRON, Dealer in Produce &c.

Flour (N.C.)	7.00	I. Potatoes	1.40
Corn ℔ bus.	58. 60	S. Potatoes bus.	1.00
Meal ℔ bus.	75.80	Peas	1.00
Rice ℔ 100	3.50 4.50	Tobacco	00
Pork Mess Bbl	20	Drum Fish	5.0a6.00
Bacon hog round	12½	Trout do	5.50a6.50
Lard	13½	Blue	5.50a6.50
Butter	20a30	Ocean Shad	10.00
Beef	10½a11	Herring	4.25.5.50
Molasses by Hhd.	30	Turp'tine Scrape	2.00
do by Bbl.	35	" dip	3.40
Sugar R'd Coffee	11.13	" Virgin	3.75
" Crushed	14	Cotton	12
" P. R.	8½to09	Spts. Turpentine	44
Coffee Laguayra	12a13	Alum Salt ℔ bus.	25
" Rio	13a14	Salt ℔ Sack	1.00a1.25
" Cape	12a13	Hay	1.00
Vinegar Bbl.	5.00	Oats	40

NORFOLK MARKET. Oct. 4.

Reported expressly for the Times.

By Rowland & Bros., Commission Merchants.

Flour, Family	7.50	*Flaxseed,*...	1.45 1.50
Extra.....	7.00.	*Beeswax,*.....	30
Superfine...	6.25	*Dried Apples,* ℔ bu. of	
Corn. Mixed a W.	80	28lbs...1.70a1.75	
Yellow.....	90	" *Peaches,* 40lbs. ℔	
Wheat, White	1.30a1.35	bu.....	5 50 5.75
Red.....	1.20 1..25	*Bacon,* W. sho'ld	8.8½
Cotton.....	12.12½	do. Sides	10.10½
Peas, Black Eye.	1.37	N. C. & Va. Hog	
Red & Black	60	round.	12½
Lard, N.C. & V. no. 1	14½	*Staves,* R.O. hhd	35
do do 2....	13½	W.O. pipe.	50
Fish, Mackerel 1.	12.50	do hhd	40
do No 2.	11.00	do bbl.	26.28
do 3.	10.00		

REMARKS.—Flour continues dull, and with large receipts, stock increases. Dried Apples are rather dull with no enquiries except at a reduction from present quotations, prime peeled Peaches are saleable.

Professional Cards.

J. W. HOWLETT, D.D.S. | J. F. HOWLETT.

J. W. HOWLETT & SON, DENTISTS, Greensboro, N. C. 1-1y.

GEO. W. COTHRAN, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR, at Law, Lockport, Niagara County, N. Y. 105-tf.

JOHN W. PAYNE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Having permanently located in Greensboro, N. C., will attend the Courts of Randolph, Davidson, and Guilford, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands. Jan. 8, 1857. 53-1y.

JACOB T. BROWN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, *HIGH POINT, N. C.,*

☞ Will attend to any business entrusted to his care. 111:1y

C. G. DUNN, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR, at Law, 70 Wall st, New York City. 126-tf.

J. THOMAS BROWN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, *RICHMOND, VIRGINIA,* will practice in the Courts of the cities of Richmond and Petersburg, and the counties of Henrico and Chesterfield.

☞ Office on Main street, opposite the American Hotel, Richmond, Va. 130-2m.

DR. B. L. COLE, HAVING TAKEN AN OFFICE on West Market St., Greensboro, N. C., next door to Cole & Amis' Store, offers his services to the Citizens of said place and surrounding country.

From his experience in the treatment of disease, he flatters himself that he can meet and conquer the various forms of disease, though insidious in its attack, wherever the science of Medicine or Surgery can be available.

He would particularly call the attention of those suffering with scrofula, cancer, and all other Surgical diseases, Diseases and Malformation of the eye and ear. Those having cross eyes and wishing them straight and natural in appearance can have it done by applying to him.

Ladies suffering from long standing chronic disease which has baffled the skill of others might be benefitted by giving him a trial, as his experience has been extensive in the treatment of diseases peculiar to Females, at all events no charge will be made for advice when his skill cannot cure or greatly mitigate the sufferings of his patient. Persons living at a distance and wishing the benefit of his services by applying to him will be assisted in procuring comfortable boarding on accommodating terms. He has also had an extensive practice in Specific diseases of all kinds and professional Confidence never violated.

Feb. 1, 1858. 108-1y.

SCOTT & GORRELL, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in FRUITS, CANDIES, PRESERVES, PICKLES, Nuts, Perfumery, Segars, Snuff, Fancy Articles, etc., Garrett's new brick building, GREENSBORO, N. C.

1858. 191 1y

TO THE PUBLIC.—The undersigned being well known as a writer, would offer his services to all those requiring literary aid. He will write Orations, Addresses. Essays, Presentation speeches and replies, prepare matter for the Press, write Acrostics, Lines for Albums, Obituaries, and in fact attend to every species of correspondence. The utmost secrecy maintained. Address, FINLEY JOHNSON, 107tf Baltimore, Md.

BOOKS! BOOKS!! BOOKS!!! Who wants a Book? For the accommodation of the citizens of Greensboro and others, the undersigned have made arrangements to furnish at Publishers' prices, any book wanted. Historical, Scientific, Professional, Religious, Poetical or any work of any kind in market. No commission will be charged. It is only an accommodating agency, to order such books as may be wanted.

Call at the Times Office and leave your orders. All books to be paid for on delivery. COLE & ALBRIGHT.

100 KEGS NAILS, assorted sizes, for sale cheap for cash by April, 1858. COLE & AMIS.

SALE OF LAND FOR TAXES.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that on Monday of November Term, 1858, of Guilford County Court, at the court house door, in Greensboro', I shall offer at public sale the following tracts of land in said county, or so much thereof as shall be necessary to pay the taxes due thereon, together with the costs of sale, viz:

BY WHOM LISTED.	SITUATION.	TAX	COST.
William T Amos,	1 town lot in Greensboro, adj. C P Mendenhall & others	$5 96	$1 44
Jas M Hall,	42 acres, waters of N. Buffalo, adj. Poor House lands & others	3 40	88
Alex Parton,	100 acres, waters S. Buffalo, adj E W Osburn, dec'd and others	11 97	1 16
Milton Rose,	1 town lot, in Greensboro, adj Cape Fear Bank lot and others	10 45	88
Decatco Putnam,	1 town lot in Greensboro, adj D C Mebane and others	6 19	1 16
William Swain,	6 acres, waters North Buffalo, adj J F Garrett and others	1 80	1 16
Thos Thompson,	3 acres waters North Buffalo, adj J F Garrett and others	4 04	1 16
H J Warren,	1 lot in Greensboro, adj M A Bland and others, and 45 acres, waters Reedy Fork, adj Mrs Gladson and others	6 80	1 16
Edwin Watson,	1 lot in Greensboro, adjoining J W Howlet and others	25 60	1 16
Henry Greeson,	90 acres, waters Alamance, adjoining George Starr and others	4 09	1 16
Polly Green,	75 acres, waters Stinking Quarter, adj Jacob Amick and others	63	88
James Shaw,	50 acres, waters Alamance, adjoining Sol Sharp and others	63	88
Madison Smith,	50 acres, waters Stinking Quarter, adj Peggy Smith and others	7 74	88
William Heritage,	126 acres, waters Reedy Fork, adj W & J Pritchett and others	7 54	88
David Burnside,	75 acres, waters Alamance, adj J Clark and others	5 46	1 16
David Pritchett,	15 acres, waters Alamance, adjoining Addison Wiley and others	31	88
Addison Wiley,	75 acres, waters Alamance, adjoining Peter Clapp and others,	4 22	1 16
Wm P Causey,	112 acres, waters Alamance, adj J W Gilmer and others	3 11	88
Wm R May,	14 acres, waters Alamance, adj ——— and others	3 87	1 16
Matthew Staley,	256 acres, waters Alamance, adj Geo Walker and others	7 63	1 16
Peter Smith,	90 acres, waters of Alamance, adj C P Smith and others	8 23	1 16
Eve Turkinett,	50 acres, waters Alamance, adj G Shatterly and others	1 53	1 16
Daniel Smith,	75 acres, waters Reedy Fork, adj J M Donnell and others	3 40	1 16
Leven G Ross,	75 acres, waters Polecat, adj F Fentress and others	3 46	88
Harb Howlett,	27 acres, waters Reedy Fork, adj R Gorrell and others	5 22	1 16
Asa Wilson,	163 acres, waters Reedy Fork, adj Ann Wilson and others	12 41	1 16
Salath'l Barnes,	307 acres, waters Deep River, adj Lemuel Coltrain and others	18 04	1 16
Sol Blair,	57 acres, waters Deep River, adj L Coltrain and others	3 30	88
N J Stewart,	10 acres, waters S Buffalo, adj Patty Leonard and others	31	88
Isaiah Murphy,	127 acres, waters Hickory Creek, adj J Murphy and others	8 14	1 16
William Suits,	206 acres, waters S Buffalo, adj E Armfield and others	10 50	1 16
Allen Powell,	260 acres, waters Reedy Fork, adj W H Brittain and others	4 96	1 16
Johua Strader,	100 acres, waters Haw River, adj Wm Robeson and others	3 66	1 16
Nath Brothers,	96 acres, waters Deep River, adj Henry Ledbetter and others	4 09	88
D W Edwards,	123 acres, waters S Buffalo, adj A C Ledbetter and others	10 50	1 16
Joshua Lindley,	316 acres, waters S Buffalo, adj Alfred Edwards and others	20 00	1 16
James Rayl,	279 acres, waters Reedy Fork, adj Arch'd Wilson and others	9 43	88
Preston Stanly,	33 acres, waters Horse Pen, adj John Hunt and others	3 24	1 16
Uriah Stanly,	54 acres, waters Horse Pen, adj John Hunt and others	2 46	88
Charles Stanly,	54 acres, waters Horse Pen, adjoining the same	9 25	1 16
Geo Carpenter,	275 acres, waters Deep River, adj C C Mendenhall and others	7 84	1 16
Jos A Foust,	1 town lot, Jamestown	3 73	1 16
Steph Gardner,	112 acres, waters Deep River, adj John Gardner and others	8 30	1 16
J E Gamble,	75 acres, waters Deep River, adj James Freeman and others	5 84	1 16
Same	75 " " "	3 69	1 16
Julia Johnson,	20 acres, waters Deep River, adj ——— and others	50	88
Mining Company	Central, (listed by Smith & McLean) 254 acres, waters Deep River, adj McCallock Mining Company and others	9 45	88
Same	393 acres, (situated as above.)	18 90	88
Wilson & Shee,	46 acres waters Deep River, adj Widow Beeson and others	18 43	1 16
John L Clark,	273 acres, waters Haw River, adj Wm J Love and others	10 63	1 16
Ann Clark,	100 acres, waters Haw River, adj John King and others	94	88
Wiley Knott,	100 acres, waters Haw River, adj John King and others	3 46	1 16
B Peeples,	50 acres, waters Haw River, adj John King and others	5 65	1 16
Sarah Peeples,	437 acres, waters Below's creek, adj B Peeples and others	12 00	1 16
Jesse F Pegram,	100 acres, waters Below's creek, adj Widow Barham and others	7 44	1 16
Eliz Preston,	78 acres, waters Haw River, adj John King and others	1 88	1 16
William Fewell,	70 acres, waters Haw River, adj J Brown and others	2 20	88
Rebecca Pegram,	180 acres, waters Below's creek, adj John King and others	4 41	88
Eliz Peeples,	106 acres, waters Below's creek, adj B Peeples and others	11 00	88
Joseph Powers,	100 acres, waters Below's creek, adj John King and others	8 04	1 16
J M Pegram,	75 acres, waters Haw River, adj ——— and others	2 89	88
D F Smith,	42 acres, waters Haw River, adj Widow Kennedy and others	4 88	1 16
T Landenham,	55 acres, waters Deep River, adj Mahala Morgan and others	3 77	1 16
Robert Raper,	80 acres, waters Deep River, adj B Clark and others	1 96	1 16
Lovie Stephens,	3 acres, waters Deep River, adj E Shields and others	40	1 16
Calvin Taylor,	100 acres, waters Reedy Fork, adj Lydia Dean and others	20 00	1 16
Jeduthan Ayres,	13 acres, waters Deep River, adj Sam Welborn and others	63	88
Isaiah Dillon,	170 acres, waters Deep River, adj Peter Davis and others	7 87	88
B Y Hunt,	16 acres, waters Riddick's creek, adj M Mendenhall and

THE TIMES.

A LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

YE SONS OF CAROLINA.

BY D. F. CALDWELL.

Ye sons of Carolina to duty arise
And shake off your tremor and dread.
A new day is dawning—see! light streaks the skies,
The clouds are now breaking o'er head,
And fly with the breeze of the morn far away,
To roll themselves up in their nest;
While each trembling star, with less'ning ray,
Is sinking in day to its rest.

CHORUS.

Then up, up, all ye gallant and brave!
Ye, who have always been free!
And forward let us move as a wave
Sweeps in its march o'er the sea.
Yes, on, evermore on, as waves flow
Resistless and strong.
For right against wrong.
Come let us march, one and all, let us go!

Awake in the centre, the east and the west,
And let us to country prove true.
By resolving in heart, we'll never take rest
Till we've done all that freemen should do:
And ye, who are leaders, go marshall the host,
And form them in battle array:
And in God put your trust, and then make your boast.
You'll conquer or die in the fray.

CHORUS.

Then up, up, &c.

For the land of our fathers, it must be redeemed—
The land of our kindred and home—
Till no other spot on this earth can be deemed
A brighter, to which we may roam.
And when we have made it just what it should be—
A garden to bloom all around
With beauty and life—a fit home for the free
We'll rest at that goal, when 'tis found!

CHORUS.

Then up, up, &c.

Reading for the Young.

The Pleasures of Learning To Draw.

To learn to draw should not be more uncommon than to learn to write, to play, or to sing. This is essential for the fair and complete development of our faculties, and every man has an eye for accuracy and grace, just as every man has an ear for melody and harmony, the one faculty requiring and being entitled to education as much as the other. Perhaps, also, in no branch of study does the pupil, particularly if young, derive such pleasure from his progress as in learning to draw. His materials may be rude, and the rules few and simple, yet how delightful and valuable are the results attained!

Gratifying at once the instinct that is common to children, and the ambition that is almost peculiar to youth, he sees himself with delight the author of something. He puts on a blank paper, or a dull board, images that have the double charm of resemblance and originality. He carries away, after a little labor, the representation of a pleasing landscape, a pretty cottage, a venerable gateway, or even of a beloved face, and pleasure in his skill mingles with joy in his acquisition.

He finds likewise that he can turn his accomplishment to a thousand uses of pleasure, and that it enhances his enjoyment of life in a multitude of ways. He quiets a group of noisy children by sitting down amongst them to draw. He prolongs his use of a borrowed book by copying the plates that have made it costly. He sees a new beauty in the sky, now that its every change of aspect offers a fresh challenge to his pencil. He finds in the leafy or the withered tree, in the grass-grown pool, in the prattling brook, in birds and beasts, even in a dead wall, or a common brick house, models that may try his powers.

At home or abroad he is armed against dullness, for with a few slips of paper and two or three pencils he can make the moments glide along unfelt, yet leaving every one its foot-print of industry. By the river-bank, where others spend hours in angling for a poor little fish, he can pursue his "gentle craft;" and even from the window of a country inn, on a wet day, he may see much that will amuse him to depict. Being thus armed against *ennui* and indolence, he is armed against two of the worst foes to innocence; while at the same time he is forming around him a pure and healthful mental atmosphere, the precursor often of higher moral attainments.

Of late years schools of design have been established in some of our large towns, and have done much to art-educate the people, or rather to raise up a new class of artists. But, as the masses have not the opportunity of attending these institutions, the only means open to them of art-cultivation are those of self-instruction, through which such as can not obtain the aid of masters may effect considerable rudimentary progress. Many eminent painters may be said to have commenced their career self-taught, their biographies presenting examples of patient enduring industry unaided, and struggling against innumerable difficulties, with, too, almost improvised materials—the charred stick and white-washed wall.

The Singing Student Boy.

Many years ago a student boy was seen and heard in the streets of an ancient town, singing. He was stout, plainly-dressed boy, but his face was pale, and his eyes were sad and tearful. His voice was most musical, and the songs he sang were in beautiful words, and about sacred things. Every time he finished a song, he stepped to the door of a house and gave a gentle tap. When it was opened, he said in gentle tones:

"Please give a poor student boy a morsel of bread."

"Begone with thee! thou beggar's child," was the rough reply that met his ear as the poor child shrank from the door steps.

Thus driven from door to door, he sang his sweet songs until his body was weary and his heart was sad. Scarcely able to stand, he at last turned his steps homeward. Striking his noble forehead with his hand, he said:

"I must go home to my father's house and be contented to live by the sweat of my brow. Providence has no loftier destiny for me. I have trodden out its paths by aiming higher."

Just at that moment Ursula Cotta, a burgher's wife, who had heard his songs and seen him driven from a neighbor's door, felt her heart yearn with pity toward the helpless boy. She opened her door, beckoned the young singer, smiled sweetly upon him, and in tones that sounded like heavenly melodies to his ears, said:

"Come in, poor boy, and refresh thyself at my table!"

Happy little singer! How he enjoyed that delicious meal. And when the good dame and her husband told him to make their house his future home, his heart melted. With eyes half blinded with tears, he looked in the face of his friends and said:

"I shall now pursue my studies without being obliged to beg my bread from grudging hands. I shall have you, for a father, and you, sweet Ursula, for a mother. My heart will once more learn to love. I shall be happier than I can express.

After that day the singing boy studied hard and well. Years after the world heard of him, for it was he who uttered his voice against Popery, and became the chief of that Reformation which gave an open Bible to the world. His name was MARTIN LUTHER.

Courage, then, poor boy! You may be friendless and unknown to day—you may have to plod through trials and toils uncheered by the smiles of even a sweeet Ursula. But never mind. Plod away. Stick to study and duty. God cares for you.—He has a work for you to do, and if you are faithful and true, he will in due season put you in your proper place. Toil on.—*S. S. Advocate.*

Be Energetic.

About any honest employment Providence throws in your way.

1. It is the way to be happy. "I have lived," said Dr. Adam Clarke, "long enough to know that the great secret of human happiness is this: Never suffer your energies to stagnate. The old adage of 'Too many irons in the fire' conveys an untruth. You can not have too many. Poker, tongs, and all—keep them all going."

2. It is the way to accomplish a vast deal in a short life. The late William Hazlitt remarked:—"There is room enough in human life to crowd almost every art and science into it. The more we do, the more we can do; the more busy we are, the more leisure we have."

3. It is the way to be contented. The unemployed are always restless and uneasy. Occupation quiets the mind, by giving it something to do. Idleness makes it, like an empty stomach, uneasy. The mate of a ship, having put every thing to rights, called on the captain for what next should be done. "Tell them to *scour* the anchor," was the reply; on the principle that occupation, however needless, saves from the discontent of idleness.

4. It is the way to disappoint the tempter. He comes up to the idler with assurance of a victim. From the well-occupied he departs as a roaring lion robbed of his prey. The one welcomes, the other repulses him.

MULTIPLYING BY FIVE.—Any number of figures that you may wish to multiply by 5 will give the same result if divided by 2, a much quicker operation; but you must remember to annex a cipher to the answer when there is no remainder; and when there is a remainder, whatever it may be, annex a 5 to the answer. Multiply 464 by 5, and the answer will be 2320; divide the same number by 2, and you have 232, and, as there is no remainder, you annex a cipher. Now, take 357 and multiply by 5, and the answer is 1785; on dividing the first sum by 2, there is 178 and a remainder; you therefore place a 5 at the end of the line, and the result is again 1785.

A FABLE.—The sword of the warrior was taken dow to brighten; it had not been long out of use. The rust was rubbed, but there were spots that would not go—they were of blood. The pen took advantage of the first breath of air to move a little further off. "Thou art right," said the sword; "I am a bad neighbor."—"I fear thee not," said the pen; "I am more powerful than thou art, but love not thy society."—"I exterminate," said the sword.—"And I perpetuate," answered the pen. "Where are thy victories, if I record them not?"

THE GAMBLER'S FATE.—We find the following paragraph in a late Memphis exchange:

MAD.—John Able is raving mad in jail with *delerium tremens*. He has long been drinking to excess, and the sudden and complete stoppage of stimulating drinks in jail has brought upon him this fearful disease. He raves of Emerson, whom he killed, and thinks he is again pursued by the mob, who were so near lynching him. This is a sad but striking testimoney to the power of conscience.—Man cannot dare the vengeance of heaven, with impunity—"Vengeance is mine; I will repay sasth the Lord."

Strange, If True.

As a man was walking in his garden, he discovered two clothes horses. He took them into his stable where he soon broke them. He then put the yolk of an egg upon their necks, attached them to a cart by the bonds of friendship, and covered them with a sheet of lightning to protect them from the flies. He then leaped upon the cart, set upon the seat of government, took the whip of a top in one hand and the reins of several kings in the other, and drove off, passing through the gate of a Buffalo, over the ground coffee for three miles; but in crossing the track of a snail he was run into by a train of thought and dashed heels over head into a stream of eloquence, where the cart was broken against the rock of a cradle. By industry and frugality he soon gained the shore, where he made a boat of the bark of the prairie wolf, which he fitted with a mast made of the north pole and two auction sales. He then sailed down the river to its mouth, and landed upon a tongue of land, where he was seized by a serious sensation and conveyed to a cell, where he was secured by a chain of lightning fastened by a thunderbelt. The jailor gave him his liberty for a Christmas present, and read him the report of a cannon.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

CULLED AND ARRANGED FOR THE "TIMES."

An immense store of rich knowledge is afloat in the world, scattered in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, weekly and daily periodical: and which, if collected together, culled and properly arranged, would form a column of useful information, invaluable to the man of science, the professional artist, the mechanic, the farmer, and the house keeper.

Economy of Fruit.

In presenting further the subject, and urging the importance and economy of good orchards, we notice

THE CULTURE OF FRUITS IS PROFITABLE. It may well be doubted whether any branch of agricultural production pays better than the growing of good fruit for the market—especially where a market is attainable; and, since railroads are beginning to traverse all portions of our widely-extended country, few localities are found to be beyond the reach of a market. Twenty-five or thirty years ago, as at present day, men were everywhere found prophesying that in a few years more the markets would be glutted, and the orchards then planting would be useless. Yet the prices of the best kinds of fruit have ever since been steadily advancing; and we hazard nothing in saying that they will advance, or that, at least, the present fair prices will be maintained for twenty-five, or even fifty years to come. It should be borne in mind that there will be a continued very large increase in the population of our towns and cities, who are necessarily nonproducers of fruit; and further, that the amount of consumption will probably before many years quadruple that of the ratio of increase of population. In numberless instances the profits have been enormous; and while these are to be regarded as only occasional cases, and exceptions to the general rule, yet, in all instances where the business has been properly conducted, and markets not too remote, the profits have been exceedingly large. No surer source of income, it may be safely urged, and at highly remunerating prices, can be found, than that of a fruit orchard consisting of a proper assortment of the best varieties of fruit.

Even in localities beyond the reach of market, structures for drying can be reared at comparatively small expense, which will render the business of drying for market a fair one. Eastward, and that, too, where a market for fresh fruits is readily attainable, these drying establishments are becoming common. The demand for dried fruits will become greater every year.

Large sums of money are expended abroad annually for fruits which might easily be produced at home in much better perfection and at far cheaper cost—such as grapes, figs, currants, etc. Even fresh pears have been imported from France by the New York confectioners.

In addition to our home market, a large foreign market will doubtless spring up. American apples and pears have already been sold in Europe and the East Indies, in a fresh state; and peaches and strawberries have been sent to the West Indies.

It is fair, then, to assume that, as the facilities for quick transportation increase, and as the various processes for preserving fruits in a fresh state become perfected, not only all sections of our widely extended country, but the markets of the whole world, will be opened to our fruit-growers!

But suppose both home and foreign markets fail us, it furnishes no valid reason why every farmer should not plant and cultivate enough to supply his own wants luxuriously, and every mechanic and other head of family have his well-stocked fruit-garden. Of the millions of these farmers throughout the country, there are not half even in the old States, and not one tenth of them in the new, who produce enough for their own consumption! This home supply should at least be furnished, let the markets be as they may.

Further considerations next week.

A VENERABLE GOOSE.—Mr. Schomp, of Hunterdon County, New Jersey, has a goose which is said to be eighty-three years old. Birds of this class are known to be very long-lived. The story of this one states that, when the news came to the people of Redington Township, Hunterdon County, that the war was over, they concluded to have a jollification, and an ancestor of Mr. Schomp killed three out of four geese which he had at the time; and the survivor is the one spoken of, and "still lives." The present Mr. Schomp has owned the goose for the last fifty years.

GATHER THE LEAVES.—No manure is so well worth saving in October and November as the now falling leaves of the season. According to Payne, they contain nearly three times as much nitrogen as ordinary barn-yard manure; and every gardener who has strewn and covered them in his trenches late in the fall or in December, must have noticed the next season how black and moist the soil is that adheres to the thrifty young beets he pulls. No vegetable substance yields its woody fibre and becomes soluble quicker than leaves, and from this very cause they are soon dried up, scattered to the winds, and wasted, if not gathered and trenched in, or composted, before the winter shall set in with severity.

CONVULSIONS IN CHILDREN.—Dr. H. G. Davis says: "In a few cases of convulsions in children, when I have arrived so late as to find the little patient, to appearance, in *articulo mortis*, and feeling that whatever was done must be done instantly, I have applied to the chest a napkin wet in quite boiling-hot water. It was applied for a second, perhaps; then, after being raised for two or three seconds, the application repeated, thus just falling short of injuring the skin. The effect was in every instance to cause the child to take a full inspiration, somewhat like a sigh, the pulse immediately returning, when it had been entirely lost at the wrist."

THE TOMATO.—This delicious vegetable has had, as the slang is, a wonderful run; but, while the nearly-grown-up young folks seem perfectly aware of its fresh, peculiar deliciousness, they are, perhaps, not generally aware that it has other merits. Dr. Bennet, a man of some celebrity, attributes to it pretty nearly all the virtue without a particle of the vice of calomel; maintaining that, cooked or raw, fresh or preserved, it is the healthiest vegetable in use. If the Doctor will except okra, we will agree with him without a word of controversy.

TO PREVENT THE SMOKING OF A LAMP.—Soak the wick in strong vinegar, and well dry it before you use it.

Salad for the Solitary

Will is brush-wood, Judgment timber: the one gives the greatest Flame, the other yields the durablest Heat; and both meeting make the best Fire. SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

A Riddle.

No mortal can my power withstand,
I conquer all by sea and land:
The fair are smitten by my charms
And yielding fall into my arms.
Even the great Mesiah, he
Submitted to my great decree:
Proud Cato, I likewise ensnared,
No eye or sex I ever spared;
Often in dungeons I am found,
Healing the bleeding prisoner's wounds.
O'er all the globe my name is known,
But none can rob me of my throne,
Grim death himself cant frighten me,
I've conquered thousands more than he.

Answer nest week.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION:—What number is that which being increased by its half, its third and 18 more, will be doubled.

Answer next week.

ANSWER to question of last week 15,-21, 27.

Mr. Blifkin's Baby.

Our *Junior's* "first" is just four months old, yet he thinks Blifkin's story is too true to make a joke of. He thinks, though a little exaggersted, it is a picture of almost every man's experience. Bachelors should not read it, as they are wholly unprepared to enjoy it.

The first baby was a great institution.—As soon as the baby came into this 'breathing world,' as the late Shakespeare has it, he took command in our house Everything was subservient to him. The baby was the balance-wheel that regulated everything, he regulated the temperature, he regulated the food, he regulated the servants, he regulated me. For first six months of that precious experience, she woke me up on an average six times a night. "Mr. Blifkins," says my wife, "bring that light here, do, the baby looks strangely; I'm so afraid ti'll have a fit!" Of course the lamp was brought, and of course the baby lay sucking his fist like a little white bear, as he was. "Mr. Blifkins," said wife "I think I feel a draught of air; I wish you would get up and see if the window is not open a little, because the baby might get sick." Nothing was the matter with the window, as I knew very well. "Mr. Blifkins," said my wife as I was going to sleep again, "that lamp, as you have placed it, shines directly in baby's eyes—strange that you have no more consideration." I arranged the light and went to bed again. Just as I was dropping to sleep again, "Mr Blifkins did you think to buy that broma today for the baby?"

"My dear," said I, "will you do me the injustice to believe for a moment that I could overlook a matter so essential to the comfort of that inestimable child?"

She apologized very handsomely, but made her anxiety the scape goat. I forgave her, and without saying a word more to her, I addressed myself to sleep. "Mr Blifkins," said my wife, shaking me, "you must not snore so; you will wake the baby."

"Jest so—jest so," said I, half asleep, thinking I was Solon Shingle.

"Mr. Blifkins, will you get up, and hand me the warm gruel from the nurse lamp, for baby? the dear child, if it wasn't for its mother I don't know what it would do! How can you sleep so, Mr. Blifkins?"

"I suspect, my dear, that it is because I am tired."

"Oh, its very well for you men to talk about being tired, I don't know what you'd say, if you had to toil and drudge like a poor woman with a baby." I tried to soothe her, by telling her that she had no patience at all, and got up for the posset. Having aided in answering the baby's requirements, I stepped into bed again, with the hope of sleeping.

"Mr Blifkins," said my wife. I made no answer. "Mr Blifkins," said she, in a louder tone. I said nothing. "Oh, dear, how can a man, who has arrived at the honor of having a live baby of his own, sleep, when he dont't know that the dear creature will live till morning!"

I remained silent, and, after awhile, deeming that Mrs Blifkins had gone to sleep, I stretched my limbs for repose.—How long I slept I don't know, but I was awakened by a furious jab in the forehead by some sharp instrument. I started up, and Mrs Blifkins was setting up in the bed, adjusting some portion of the baby's dress. She had, in a state of semi-somnolence, mistaken my head for the pillow which she customarily used for the pin cushion. I protested against such treatment, in rather warm language, pointing to several perforations in my forehead.—She told me I should willingly bear such treatment for the baby. I insisted upon it that I didn't think my duty as parent to that young immortal requred a surrender of my head for a pin cushion. This was one of the many nights passed in this way. The truth was, that baby was what every other man's first baby is, an autocrat, absolute and unlimited.

AN EDITOR TIGHT.—We believe it is rare that editors indulge in a drop, but when they do, their readers are sure to find them out. A Syracuse cotemporary was called upon to record a 'melancholy event' at a time when his head was rather heavy, and did it up in the following manner: 'Yesterday morning, at four o'clock, P. M., a man with a heel in the hole of his stocking, committed arsenic by swallowing a dose of suicide. The inquest of the verdict returned a jury that the deceased came to the facts in accordance with his death. He leaves a child and six small wives to lament his untimely loss. In death we are in the midst of life!

A French engineer was travelling upon and old Ohio steamboat. He observed to the captain, "But this boiler is in a very bad condition."

"That's so," was the reply.

"And how long do you expect to use it?"

"Till it bursts," was the cool reply.

After the next landing place, there was one Faenchman less on board that boat.

A lady wrote with a diamond on a pain of glass:

"God did at first make man upright:
but he—"

To which a gentleman added:

"Most surely had continued so; but *she*—"

Why are women like *beets?* Because the younger they are the *sweeter.*

Business Cards.

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A LITERARY & FAMILY PAPER, PUBLISHED FOR THE SOUTH
Having a large list of the best warrant, its contents are mostly original—embracing Original Stories History, Biography, Science, Agriculture, Educational, Poetry and News.

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WM. PERCIVAL, Architect, Offices Smiths' Brick Building, Raleigh, N. C, and Godden's Hall, Richmond, Va., will supply *designs, working, drawings, specifications* and *superintendance* for all kinds of *public* and private buildings and houses of worship.

With an *educational training* for his profession and a Practical Experience on public and private works for more than 16 years, he hopes to give satisfaction. He respectfully refers to those by whom he is Professionally engaged in this State.

The Building Committee on the Chapel Hill University Improvements. The Building Committee of the Raleigh New Baptist Church. R. S. Tucker, Esq., W. M. Boylan, Raleigh. W. S. Battle, Esq., Rockey, Mt., Edgecombe County.

N. B. A large variety of original designs for churches, villas &c., can be seen at his Offices. 133–6m.

A. PERRY SPERRY,
(FORMERLY OF GREENSBORO, N. C.) With Bell, Brooks, Pace & Co., Importers and Dealers in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, No. 89 Chambers, and 71 Reade Street, New York. [2-1y

D. C. STYRON,
BROAD-STREET, TWO DOORS west of Middle-street, Newbern, N. C., dealer in **Dry Goods,** PROVISIONS, GROCERIES, FISH, OYSTERS, CROCKERY, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, &c.
☞ **Seller of Country Produce.**
PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO ORDERS. (121–1y.)

E. F. POWELL,
WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELLER, Would take this method of informing the Citizens of Greenesboro, and the surrounding country, that he has just returned from the Northern Cities with the handsomest assortment of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver ware and Fancy Goods, ever offered in this market, also a lage lot of Confectionaries, Fruits, Cigars, Tobacco and Snuff. &c., &c—all of which is offered at the lowest figures for Cash.

All kinds of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry *carefully repaired at the shortest notice,* and on the most reasonable terms.

JOHN A. PRITCHETT,
CABINET-MAKER AND DEALER IN FURNITURE, (*near North Carolina Railroad,*) Greensboro, N. C

All kinds of Cabinet Furniture—such as Dressing-Bureaus, Wardrobes, Washstands, Cottage-Bedsteads, Tables, Coffins, &c —kept constantly on hand or made to order.

Persons wishing anything in his line should call and examine his work as he is confident, from his past experience, that it cannot be excelled in any other shop.

☞ Work delivered on board the Cars *free of charge.* 127:1y

JAMES M. EDNEY, COMMISSION MERCHANT, 147 *Chambers-st., N. Y.*
Buys and forwards every kind of merchandise for 2½ *per cent. Commission. Dealer in* Pianos, Melodeons, Organs, Harps, Guitars, Music, Sewing Machines, Iron Safes, Pumps, Garden Engines, &c. A printed list of all the different makers, kinds and prices, *sent free.* Agent for "The Wonderful Pump," raising Water 150 Feet by hand. Publisher of an elegant lithograph of "*Hickory Nut Falls,*" N. C., 9x12 in., sent free, 50c. Also, "*Cherokee Physician; or, Indian Guide to Health.*" This invaluable *family adviser* should be in every house. It treats of all diseases, has a copious glossary, and prescribes the remedies from nature's bounteous stores, for all our infirmities and misfortunes. It is printed on fine white paper, handsomely bound, fourth edition, 300 pages, and is *mailed free for one dollar.* Also, a splendid lithograph, 19x24 inches, of all the Bishops of the M. E. Church, South, Including Bascom and Capers, from original copies, approved by themselves. This splendid picture sent free on the receipt of one dollar. Also, Bennett's Chronology of North Carolina. Just from the press, sent free for one dollar.

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☞ Orders from a distance promptly filled.
February, 1858. 110:1y

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MRS. CRITTENDEN & SISTER are now prepared to do all kinds of work, connected with the Mantua-making business, in the latest and best style. They are also prepared to make, trim, and bleach Bonnets. A trial is all that is asked to warrant entire satisfaction. Residence on Greene street, opposite the Old Factory.
Jan. 15, 1858. (105.1y)

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OTTO HUBER, JEWELLER AND *Watchmaker,* West Market, Greensboro', N. C.—Has on hand, and is receiving a splendid and well selected stock, of fine and fashionable Jewelry, of every description, among which may be found several magnificent sets of coral Jewelry.

He has also a stock of fine Gold and Silver Watches.

All repairing done in the best manner and warranted.

All persons purchasing Jewelry will do well to call on him, before purchasing elsewhere, as he is confident, that he can sell as good bargains as can be bought in this market.
August, 1st., 1858. 134—tf.

R. L. DONNELL'S
PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY is now opened, and Cameotypes, Melainotypes, and Ambrotypes, which connat be surpassed for durability and beauty are taken in Lockets, Pins and Cases, to suit the tastes and purses of all!

Call and examine Specimens, and learn the Prices Rooms formerly occupied by Scott & Gorrell, second story Garnett's brick building, West Market, Greensboro. 139-1y.

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R. G. STAPLES,
CARD WRITER, Portsmouth, Va., solicits orders. Cards containing two lines or less, written and forwarded prepaid for $1.50 per pack. Cards of more than two lines, $2.00 per pack prepaid to the address of those ordering.

℞ THE GREATEST MEDical Discovery of the Age, is **AYER'S CATHARTIC Pills.**

They don't *help* complaints, but they *cure* them.

One Box has cured Dyspepsia.

Three Boxes have cured the worst cases of Scrofula.

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One Box always cures the Jaundice.

Three Boxes are sure to cleanse the system from Boils—often less than one does it.

Two Boxes have completely cured the worst of ulcers on the legs.

Small doses seldom fail to cure the Piles.

One dose cures the headache arising from a foul stomach.

Strong doses often repeated expel every worm from the body.

They should be given to children, who are always more or less afflicted with this scourge.

As a gentle Physic they have no equal

One Box cures derangement of the Liver.

Half a Box cures a Cold.

They purify the blood, and thus strike at the foundation of every disease.

As a dinner Pill there is not their equal in the world.

They are purely vegetable, and can do no harm, but do accomplish an unaccountable amount of good.

Price 25 cts per Box—5 Boxes for $1,00.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass. and sold by T. J. PATRICK, Greensboro; Williams & Heywood, Raleigh; S. J Hinsdale, Fayetteville; O. A. Bradley, Wilmington; Purcell, Laud & Co., Richmond, and all druggists. 125;6m

HOWARD ASSOCIATION, Philadelphia.—A Benevolent Institution, established by special endowment for the relief of the sick and distressed, afflicted with Virulent and Epidemic diseases.

To all persons afflicted with Sexual Diseases, such as Spermatorrhœa, Seminal Weakness, Impotence. Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Syphilis, the Vice of Onanism, or self abuse, &c., &c

The Howtrd Association, in view of the awful destruction of human life, caused by Sexual diseases, and the deceptions practised upon the unfortunate victims of such diseases by Quacks, several years ago directed their Consulting Surgeon, as a CHARITABLE ACT worthy of their name, to open a Dispensary for the treatment of this class of diseases, in all their forms, and to give MEDICAL ADVICE GRATIS, to all who apply by letter, with a description of their condition, (age, occupation, habits of life, &c.,) and in cases of extreme poverty, to FURNISH MEDICINES FREE OF CHARGE. It is needless to add that the Association commands the highest Medical skill of the age, and will furnish the most approved modern treatment.

The Directors, on a review of the past, feel assured that their labors in this sphere of benevolent effort, have been of great benefit to the afflicted, especially to the young, and they have resolved to devote themselves, with renewed zeal, to this very important but much despised cause.

Just Published by the Association, a Report on Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, the Vice of Onanism, Masturbation or a Self-Abuse, and other Diseases of the Sexual Organs, by the Consulting Surgeon, which will be sent by mail, (in a sealed letter envelope,) FREE OF CHARGE, on receipt of TWO STAMPS for postage.

Address, for Report or treatment, Dr. GEO. R. CALHOUN, Consulting Surgeon, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. By order of the Directors.

EZRA D. HEARTWELL, *Pres.*
GEO. FAIRCHILD, *Sec.*
March, 1858. (113–1 y.)

THE NORTH-CAROLINA JOURNAL OF EDUCATION,
Devoted to the general interests of Education, in all its grades, is published in neat pamphlet form, on the 1st of every month at the following rates:

Single Copy, 1 year, ... **$ 2.00**
6 Copies, " to one address, **10.00**

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☞ *All communications should be addressed to the Resident Editor, Greensboro', N. C.*

Persons sending $3 will receive a copy of the *Journal* and a copy of the *Times,* for one year.

Extract from proceedings of State Educational Association.

The committee on the merits of "The North Carolina Journal of Education," offered the following report, which was accepted and ordered to be published with the minutes of the Association.

We have examined the Journal, and are pleased to state, that it compares favorably, in all respects, with all others of a similar kind that have come under our notice. Its mechanical execution is neat and tasteful; while its contents, embracing chiefly original articles, give evidence of talent and ability. The Journal, as well as the Association itself, of which it is the organ, is yet in its infancy. Its circulation is as yet limited, owing to unavoidable embarrassments.

The specific purpose of the Journal is to shed light upon the great work of Education, in which all teachers are engaged—to awaken a heartfelt interest in it—and to make known the best modes of accomplishing it.

We recommend it as worthy the patronage of all teachers, and of every friend of Education in the State—and regard it as not only their interest, but their duty, to secure for it a general circulation. Wm. Gerhard, H. Norwood, W. W. Pharr. } *Com.*

On motion it was,

Resolved,—That the members of this Association, pledge themselves, individually, to use all means in their power to extend the circulation of the Journal of Education.

Resolved,—That the standing committee on the Journal of Education, be authorized to make all necessary arrangements for its continuance.

LOOK AT THIS!
COLE & AMIS have in store and are daily receiving a large and well selected stock of new goods—Stuart's and other refiners' Letter B, C. coffee, C. Yellow, Yellow Porto Rico and New Orleans Sugars, (crushed and clarified); English Island Molasses; Java, Laguira and Rio Coffees; besides a prime article of Lard (in kegs): Bacon, sides and shoulders; Fish, Rice and all kinds of Spices; Adamantine and Sperm Candles; Lindseed and Tanners Oil, Camphene and Burning Fluid; Powder, Shot and Lead; Nails of all sizes; Sole and Upper Leather, Shoe-Threads—in a word, every thing connected with the grocery business.

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Country produce taken in exchange for goods. House on West-Market Street, formerly occupied by Graham & Dunn.
April 8, 1858.

WE ARE AGENTS FOR Messrs. Simmons & Clark, in buying wheat, bring on your samples.
J. & F. GARRETT.
July, 1858. 132–tf.

KISS ME QUICK—A FRAGRANT and permanent perfume, distilled from fragrant Tulips, just received and for sale by SCOTT & GORRELL.
Together with FRANGEPANNI, an everlasting perfume, and a fine assortment of EXTRACTS, POMADES, HAIR OIL, SOAPS, TO LET WATERS and POWDERS

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Or any thing else in the Printing line, would do well to try us once

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We have just printed, on a very good article of Foo's Cap, a general assortment of BLANKS—consisting (in part) of
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Or will print, on the shortest notice, any kind we may not have on hand if ordered. They can be sent by mail if desired.
☞ For Jobs or Blanks, address or call on
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THE LIVER INVIGORATOR!
PREPARED BY DR SANFORD,
Compounded entirely from GUMS,
IS ONE OF THE BEST PURGATIVE AND LIVER MEDICINES now before the public, that acts as a *Cathartic,* sweetener, and more effectual than any other medicine known. It is not only a *Cathartic,* but a *Liver* remedy, acting first on the *Liver* to eject its morbid matter, then on the stomach and bowels to carry off that matter, thus accomplishing two purposes effectually, without any of the painful feelings experienced in the operations of most *Cathartics.* It strengthens the system at the same time that it purges it; and when taken daily in moderate doses, will strengthen and build it up with unusual rapidity.

The Liver is one of the principal regulators of the human body; and when it performs its functions well, fully developed. The stomach is the healthy action of the powers of the system are almost entirely dependent on the proper performance of the stomach is at fault, and the bowels out of order—the Liver—For the disease of that organ, one of the proprietors has made it his study for a number of years, to find some remedy for the derangements in which at last found, any person troubled with Liver Complaint, in any of its forms, can obtain a bottle.

These Gums remove all morbid or bad matter from the system, supplying in their place a healthy flow of bile, causing food to digest well, giving tone and health to the whole machinery, removing the cause of the disease effecting a radical cure.

Bilious attacks are prevented, by **Liver Invigorator.**
One dose after eating is sufficient and prevents the food from rising and souring.
Only one dose taken before retiring, prevents **Nightmare.**
Only one dose taken at night, lessens the hours of **Sickness.**
One dose taken after each meal will cure **Dyspepsia** Spoonfuls will always relieve **Sick Headache.**
One bottle taken for spasms will remove the cause of the disease, and make a perfect cure.
Only one dose immediately relieves **Colic,** while one dose often repeated is sure cure for **Cholera Morbus,** and a preventive of **Cholera.**
☞ Only one bottle is necessary to throw out of the system after a long sickness.
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One dose taken a short time before eating gives vigor to the appetite, and makes food digest well.
One dose often repeated will cure **Chronic Diarrhœa** in its worst forms.
Bowel complaints yield to **Summer** and almost to the first dose.
One or two doses cures all attacks caused by **Worms** in Children: there is no surer, safer, or speedier remedy in the world, as it never fails.
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We take pleasure in recommending this medicine as a sure preventive for **Fever and Ague, Chill Fever,** and all **Fevers** of a **Bilious Type.** It operates with certainty, and thousands are willing to testify to its wonderful virtues.

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☞ **Mix Water in the mouth with the Invigorater, and swallow both together.**

THE LIVER INVIGORATOR
IS A SCIENTIFIC MEDICAL DISCOVERY, and is daily working cures, almost too great to believe. It cures as if by magic, even *the first dose giving benefit,* and seldom more than one bottle is required to cure any kind of **Liver** Complaint, from the worst *Jaundice* or *Dyspepsia* to a common *Headache,* all of which are the result of a **Diseased Liver.**

PRICE ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.
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